

DE

I gr
Bu
For God
He

DESULTORY PØEMS.

BY

ARCHIBALD SCOTT.
OF HAMPTON. N. B.

"I grant to the wise his meed,
But his yoke I will not brook,
For God taught me to read—
He lent me the world for a book.

JEAN INGELÖW.

Hampton 1880

price. 25 ct.

E73742



200
DESULTORY POEMS.

BY

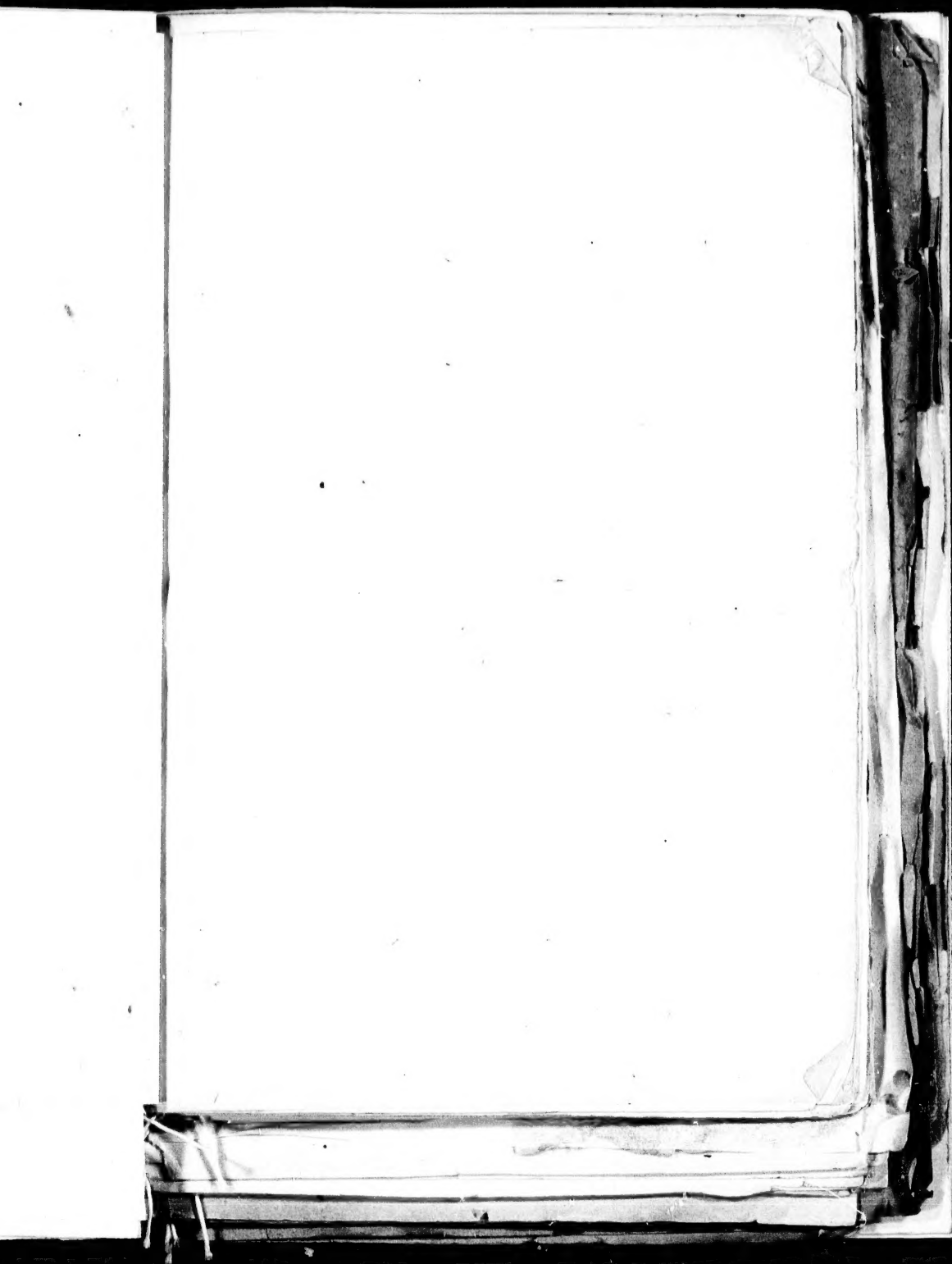
ARCHIBALD SCOTT.
OF HAMPTON. N. B.

"I grant to the wise his meed,
But his yoke I will not brook,
For God taught me to read—
He lent me the world for a book.

JEAN INGELow.

Hampton 1880

price. 25 ct.



CONTENTS

Moonlight.	5
New Year-	7
An Elegy.	10
A Song	12
An Enigma	12
Mabel Yonug.	13
Letter to a Friend.	14
A Fragment.	15
Time Suggested by street scenes in Boston.	16.
THE ADVENT.	24
Letter to a Friend.	31
Poem.	35
Pleasures of Reflection	38
A belief God intuitive.	41
ELEGY ON LUCY M. DONALD.	45.
Psalm. 1.	49
A Letter	50
Psalm. 2	52
Happiness	53
Evening Thoughts.	55
A Contrast.	57
An Address to a poppy.	57
To the Kennebec River.	60.

Trust not yourself, but your defects to know
Make use of every friend, and every foe."

So said Pope, than whom few, ever understood poetry as an art, better. I begin by quoting this couplet, so that if any unfriendly critic should deign to notice these desultory pieces, he may have the comfort of knowing, that he is enabling the author to avail himself of the counsel of a great critic, by thus showing him his defects. As for friends, if he have any, he cannot, as some authors do, lay the blame of being tempted to the crime of authorship, on them. By saying that, "It was only through the flattery, and persuasion of friends, that he was induced to think of presenting any thing to the public" &c. The author of these poems is very thankful that his friends are too honest to flatter him, and most of them, too wise to advise him to engage in any such Quixotite enterprise as authorship.

The sanity of a "nameless wight" like the author of these peices, might well be questioned, who would think any scintillation of his genius bright enough to obtain even a passing notice in an age like this. When books issue from the press like sparks from a burning building. Some falling immediately lost in invisibility. Some rising till they disappear in smoke. While a few only, grow brigher as they rise till they seem to lose themselves among the brotherhood of stars that shine in the firmament of fame forever. More especially is this true of poetry. There are a few inspired singers whom the public seem at once to appreciate; But of the class called Rhymers, few perhaps, recieve sufficient pecuniary compensation to pay the printer, and publisher. And if fame at all, it is generally ill fame. Nor are men of genius always exceptions.

5
7
10
12
12
13
14
15
Boston. 16.
24
31
35
38
41
45.
49
5e
52
53
55
57
57
60.

Milton sold the copyright of his immortal poem for £28. There are some lucky exceptions, the poet Bryant was himself one; Yet these lines of his are as true, as beautiful.

“Poetry, though heavenly born,
consorts with beggary and scorn.

Cowper was so discouraged by the attacks of the reviews that he had concluded to give up authorship: till he chanced to see an article in some of the periodicals of the time, by the great American philosopher, Franklin, expressive of his generous admiration of some of the poet's works; when Cowper, took courage, and completed his task. It may seem strange, that the world should owe so much to one man: but so it is. The same hand that “grasped the lightening's fiery wing,” fanned anew the Promethean fire that illuminates, almost every line of the “Task.” And to the same man, who was one of the most intelligent champions of liberty, in the age to which he belonged, the world, perhaps owes that trumpet denunciation of oppression; “On for a lodge in some vast wilderness:” &c. The poet Cowper, by awakening the sensibilities of many a heart in early boyhood, hath often taught an abiding principle of humanity not to be eradicated by any hardening processes that the world may apply in after life: and so has often, not only, stood betwixt the oppressor and his human prey: but has often “stood between an animal and woe;” as well, by teaching the heavenly doctrine that,

“The meanest thing that lives
Is free to live, and to enjoy that life
As God was free to make it at the first.”

But Cowper's is no exceptional case. The great Peasant Poet of Scotland, remained without patronage, till a blind

man s
been
ary.

he wa
to fir
presid
insole
Or ap
tende
passio
more
expec
before
writi
he h
lend
the b

ment
“Th
and
of S
thus

PREFACE

III.

man saw the beauties of those wonderful poems, which have been the admiration of the critical world for about a century. But now, that the aforesaid world has discovered, that

“ Though on hameley fare he dined;

Wore headen gray an a that.”

he was a— “King o men for a that” It is no marvel to find some “birkie ca’d a lord,” honoring himself by presiding at a Burns’ Festival— No poet ever denounced the insolence and oppression of caste in more scathing invectives: Or appealed to the human heart in strains of more melting tenderness. None ever sang of love, and, mirth more passionately: or took the citadel of sympathy by storm more successfully, than Burns. And who, if not he, might expect, “reason for his rhyme”? Yet we find him, a little before his death, when too ill to attend to any bussiness, writing to Thompson, for whose collection of Scottish songs he had contributed some of its rarest gems, “If you can lend me £5 you will save me from the horrors of a jail, and the blessing of him that is ready to perish will rest on you.

Kirke White is another example of the world’s treatment of poets.— He says of the first review of his works, “This Review goes before me wherever I turn my steps, and I am persuaded that it is an instrument in the hand of Satan to drive me to distraction. No wonder the poet thus expresses himself.

Now surely, thought I, there’s enow

To crowd life’s dusty way

And who will miss a poet’s feet,

Or wonder where they stray
 So to the woods, and wilds I'll go,
 And build an osier bower,
 And sweetly unto me shall flow
 The meditative hour.

Yet Byron says of White. "His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume." Byron himself had his own life embittered by the repeated attacks of the reviews; and it was said that the reviewers killed poor Keats, who was among England's sweetest singers, and— Who would be a Poet after that?

I might extend this account of the unjust treatment of poets, indefinitely; But I have already given sufficient examples to show that reviewer, and critics, generally, are not infallible.

But some Reader will say. "What has all this to do with these few rude rhymes before us? Does the author presume to class HIMSELF among the inspired singers he talks of? No indeed! Reader—the author does not PRESUME to class himself at all.—He probably belongs to the Genus, Rhymers; But whither to the Species, Poet, or no; those who read (if any) must decide.

As the author of these poems, (if they may be dignified with that appellation)—was never passed through any of the great public Factories for making scholars and gentlemen. And neither can he boast (as some of our political law-wrights do), of being a "self-made man": the fair

inference, therefore, must be, that like other poets he was born. And if so, the aphorism, "Poeta nascitur non fit." may fit him as well as any other fellow.

The author is aware that there are a class, whom the world delights to honour, who manifest their superlative contempt at the very mention of rhymers, or poets, which in their estimation is only a synonym for vagrant, tramp. &c From these worshippers of Mammon, who think nothing worth their notice except it come in a special car attended by some score of flunkies, he hath nothing to ask, except it be the request that Diogenes preferred to Alexander, when the conqueror of the world asked the surly Syracusan, what he could do for him?— "You can stand out from betwixt me and the sun"! And what would be regarded as the highest praise which this class of citizens could bestow, on these pieces, would be the encomium of the banished duke, on the winter wind— "This is at least not flattery"!

Form the fastidious critics who guard the Temple of Fame from the approach of vulgar feet, the author of these poems expects no approval: nor does he very much value it.

His ambition is, rather, to appeal to the sympathies of humanity universal, untrammelled by those conventional opinions which often compel men of place, and education to think according to an approved model— To that principle in every man's nature which approves of the good, and disapproves of the evil whether he will or no, and other things being equal, takes sides with the weak and unfortunate against the prosperous and powerful. If in an age of mammon worship, when hundreds of subsidised pens are busy writing up some great One! and a sycophantic mobility are crying out, „great is somebody, of some place— If anything in this little book should be even a faint echo of Burns's manly protest against

servility— "We dare be poor for a that." Or if anything in it hath a tendency to induce any one to respect the image of God in humanity (mared and bloated though it may be,) more than the trappings of wealth, and titles; which are at best but the insignia of Mammon. and are more used as instruments of oppression, than of beneficence. Or if it should tend to inspire any of his fellow-workers with a love of liberty, in the possession of which alone, a man can follow the dictates of his conscience without fear of interference from any earthly master— if it should, at all, induce any to cultivate an habitual sympathy with Nature, and enjoy the delights of poetry, and to seek an acquaintance with some of the masters of song: as Shakspeare, Milton, Thompson, Burns, Cowper, Bryant, Whittier &c. If any of these ends be attained, the labour is not in vain. There are times, when all obtain glimpses of the Eden from which we were banished. Sometimes it is in the past: Sometimes it is in the future. Sometimes it is in the distant: and Sometimes, though seldom, it is here, and now, And at such times, all men, women, and children are poets, when as Coleridge says.

„ The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth comes in fragments wild,
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors snatched from beds of Amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshen'd wing, ambrosial gales!
The favor'd good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his thirsty spirit drinks
Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven."

At such times poetry is the natural language of every human soul; whether writer, or reader.— Whether rejoicing in the

possession of the good things of this life; and as Pope has it exclaiming.

"For me kind Nature wakes her genial power
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower.

Or with Thompson, rising above disappointments:

"I care not Fortune what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace.
You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face."

The writer believing that he is only giving poetic expression to the aspirations of many of his contemporaries of the shop and farm. And believing with Carlyle that "The great law of culture is; Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand, if possible to his full growth; resisting all impediment, casting off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may."

With these views, and feelings, the writer now launches his little book on the public, with something of the same anxiety which the schoolboy, on yon pebbly beach, launches his toy-boat on the great sea. Whose fate, to all but himself, is a matter of the most perfect indifference. And in which, even he durst not set a foot: And the success, or failure, of which, will not, perceptibly, affect his future destiny.

The writer does not think necessary to offer an apology for being a POET, if he be one: or even for being a rhymers, or for being in the world at all, if he is only a tramp— But would remind those who think nothing worth respect but wealth, and social position that the gentleman who occupies the highest place in the Dominion is a rhymers! we don't say he is not a poet. But to proceed.

If this little book should effect any of the purposes, referred to, in any degree: or induce any one with more genius and better opportunities, to give voice to the American worker, as Burns hath given to the Scotch, he will have an ample reward for collecting, and printing—As for composing—he can honestly say that, wooing the Muse hath been one of the greatest pleasures of a not very unhappy life. and though she may sometimes have jilted him, she has been the most constant of his lady friends (except, perhaps, Miss Fortune.)

The writer might appeal to the sympathies of the public by a long narration of calamities that have befallen him, such as—Building houses, and others inhabiting them. Planting orchards, and others eating the fruit of them——&c But according to the latest accounts he is still a bachelor, and as the poet Green says of himself.

“Hav’n’t by venturing on a wife

Yet run the greatest risk in life,

And still with care such lotteries shuns,

Where, a prize miss’d, one’s quite undone.”

If he had ever had a wife, and by any untoward event, been deprived of that blessing, no doubt he might have reckoned on the sympathies of the Ladies, (for some of them at least are not without sympathy for a lone man!)—It is to be hoped, however, that they will not withhold their fellowfeeling on that account, but bear in mind what Tennyson says—
 “T’is better to have loved, and lost: Than never to have loved at all.” So hoping he may share in their good wishes, the writer would inform any one who may take any interest in him, that he will regard it as a great favour to be admitted to her BOUDOIR, even in the shape of a dry pamphlet.

A love of the approval of our fellows is a natural feeling and any who would affect to condemn it, show either their ignorance of the elemental principles of the mind, or their want of candour. That the wise, and good offer praise to THE DEITY, is evidence that they do not lightly esteem it.

Yet, there is no more debasing appetite of the soul than a cowardly fear of the censures, or opinions of men: or a morbid lust of praise; from which we may well pray to be delivered. The reason seems to be that we cannot honestly accept praise, and doing so has all the wickedness, and meanness of a lie. The wickedness of Herod, consisted not in his oration, it would appear, : but in his acquiescence in the infamous flattery of the people.

What so delusive as Popularity ! which floats like froth on the troubled waters of society. The speech, so uproariously applauded at the hustings, no one would have the patience to read a month after: when the orator was installed in office, and was quietly applying the thumb-screw of taxation that he might indemnify himself for his election bribes and so, have his own with usury.

Though it is true that men die and their thoughts perish ; Yet the the thoughts of some seem to be coexistent with this state of things. And though popularity is the most perishable of possessions, there is an homage paid to greatness that is perennial. This is what the poets with their usual licence, call immortality — Who ever thinks of Homer, Shakspeare or Burns being forgotten: because their fame has its foundations in the depth of human nature, and those agitation on the surface of the sea of life which dashes the froth of popularity with all its bubbles to pieces, affects not his fame, to whose call, the passions of humanity which are

perennial, and universal, respond. But to compare small things with great. Though the Author of these pieces expect no enduring fame: yet he may say without presuming:—If they have anything of nature or poetry in them they will be remembered as long as they ought. If not, the sooner they are forgotten the better. Why should they remain to another age, a monument of dullness, and inanity.

And now, Reader, let me conclude these prefatory remarks with a story which I have heard, but for the truth of which, I will not vouch

There was once a student in some of the universities, I believe in Edinburgh, who outstript all his compeers in the classes which they were attending; whether of Philosophy, Belles-lettres, or Metaphysics, and notwithstanding the keenest rivalry, carried off most of the College honors.

At length, elated, perhaps by success, he began to shine, not at college only—

“But with such rays

As set the midnight riot in a blaze.”

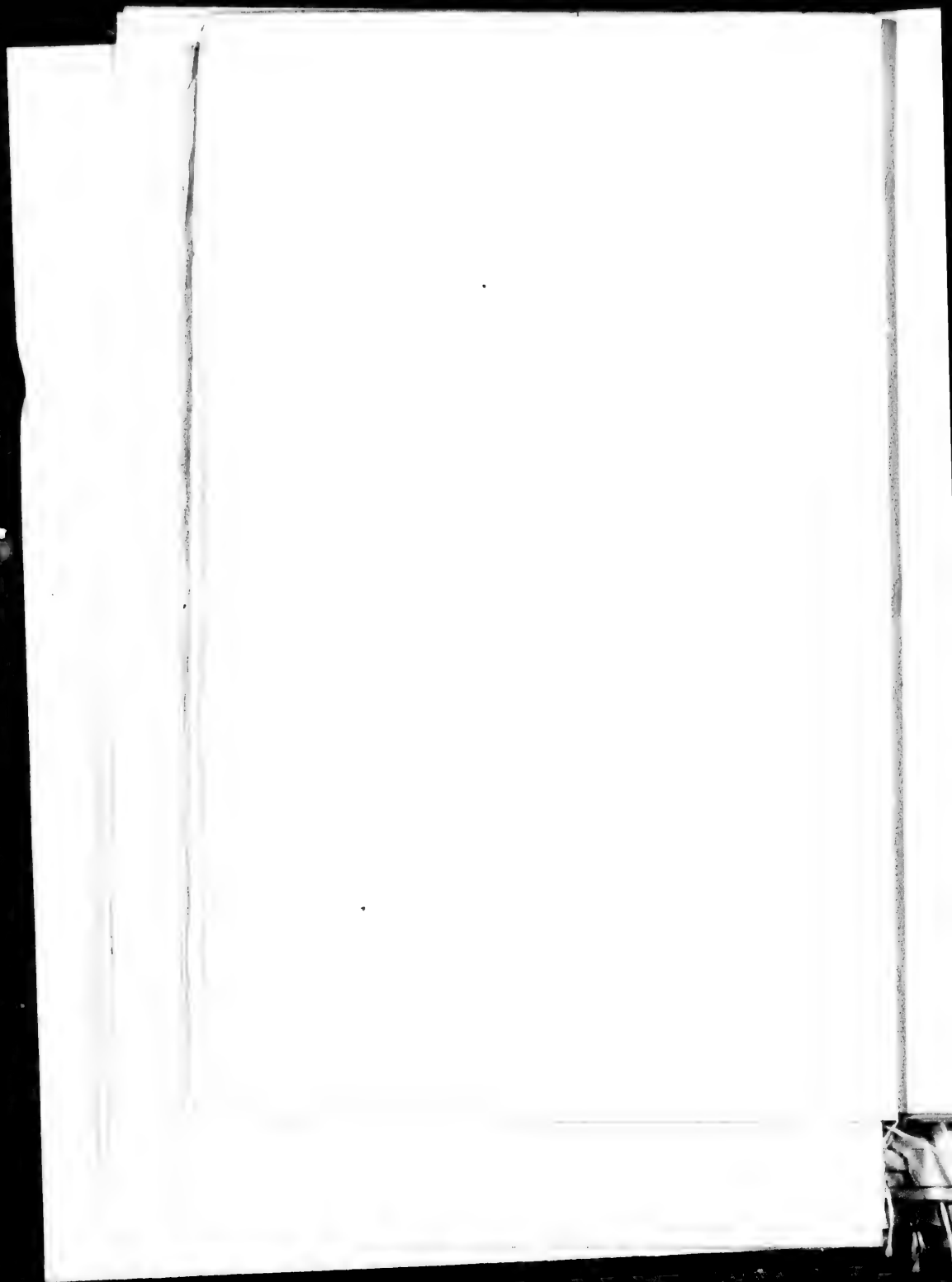
But soon, like some burnt-out star, disappeared from the horizon, going no one knew whether. After considerable time another student, from whom our hero had often borne the prize: having compleated his college course with credit, went to London; and while walking through some of the poorer streets, where stands were allowed, he spied his old friend of the college in mean attire, beside a stand selling PIES! It was he! no doubt of it— For a moment, like the self-gratulating pharisee, he felt thankful he was not like some other men: But supressing all such feeling, like a brave and good man as he was, he walked up to the stand and addressing his old friend with cordiality, and kindness, said,

"Is it possible! I find you here, and at such an employment as this! You who took the first place as a scholar— Selling pies! how is this?" The man with the pies replied. "'Tis a long story, and not worth the telling." "Well" said the other "let me assure you that you have my deepest sympathy." Here the man with the pies interrupting him, said. "Bother to your SYMPATHY— Buy a pie!"

So the Author would say to any who may express sympathy for him———Buy a Book!

ERRATA

The Reader will find in this book, bad spelling, inverted letters &c— Please do not blame the printer, but call them errors of the Press: which is not now held responsible for ought it may do, except, perhaps for libeling somebody in office.



MOONLIGHT .

When the bless'd sun affords but light for toil,
And sleep denies his soporific balm ;
'Tis sweet to leave the busy world's turmoil,
And walk alone by moonlight's holy calm .

To wander out when all is dark and still,
And think the labor of one day is done,
And watch the moon slow rising o'er yon hill,
Pale as the ghost of the departed sun .

Hushed are the busy children of the day —
I only hear the dash of distant floods,
The brook complaining of its rugged way,
Or murmur of the night-wind through the woods .

Thou changing moon that now with freckled face,
Look'st from the cloudy curtains of the sky,
Tinging the fields and floods with yellow rays,
Why gaze on nature with a jaundiced eye?

Arise fair Queen and cast that gloom aside,
The bird of night will hail thee from afar —
Art thou not mistress of the ocean wide?
Arise and take thy place among the stars .

Thou climb'st, although the clouds around thee swim:
And though obscured, I know thou still art bright—
Thou lookest down through the blue depth of heaven,
And the dark world grows beauteous in thy light.

Amazed I ponder thy mysterious ways,
And think it strange that one so still and fair
Should, by her silent and attractive gaze,
Raise tides at sea and tempests in the air.

Oh 'tis a sight to make the envious grieve—
To see thee with thy starry host advance,
And watch the swelling breast of Ocean heave
With passion's impulse at thine amorous glance.

O Queen of Stars! while I thy glory see,
Let me not at obscurity repine;
For thou an emblem art of such as me,
Although alas 'tis not my trade to shine.

For though thou now appear'st so bright and round,
E'er two weeks pass thou'lt vanish from the view;
So sunk in Earth or in the Ocean drowned,
Ten weeks of years shall end my orbit too.

But though I sink unknown beneath the Earth—
Nor marble crag my place of setting mark,
May I enlightened by the Sun of Life,
Shine in yon heavens when all on earth is dark.

WRITTEN ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY

FOR A LADY'S SCRAP BOOK.

Dear Lady, wherefore should I cull
A literary garland,
That fades, like all the flowers we pull
At home or in a far-land.

Well: if it fades, what fadeeth not?
There's nothing here enduring;
What life sustains from day to day
We spend our lives procuring.

Who'd not hate life with its stale joys,
And old detested sorrows.
And glaring suns that only set
To rise again to-morrow?

The gilded hall and bow polite
Tempt but to dissipation:
Even lovely woman's eyes are bright
With serpent fascination.

The poor have little else in view
But working, toiling, serving:
Yet hope to make the winter through
By jobbing and by starving.

His richer neighbor better off,
Nor poverty nor conscience,
E'er break up Pleasure's dizzy waltz,
As long as he is on shins.

His time is portioned, not amiss,
'Twixt sleeping and enjoyment;
And how to gain the greatest bliss
Is all his dear employment.

For this he various hours assigns
To dancing, riding, walking,
And spends the balance of his time
In talking, talking, talking.

Another hot in chase of wealth,
Is gambling, bartering, buying;
Regardless how - he gathers pelf,
By betting, cheating, lying.

Now is the merry breathing time,
With business a vacuity;
Now mirth and sadness meet and mix
In queerest incongruity.

Now fiddles squeel an' horns an' pipes
A merry tune are blowing,
An' monie a kick the auld year gets
As down the hill he's going.

Now nature in her winding sheet
May preach memento mori,
And Sol in suit of cloudy gray
Looks down in stormy glory.

While business men and pleasure men
And women too cry - 'Go it,'
With leafless trees and flowerless fields
What is there for the poet?

Will he not go to some saloon,
And quaff some vile infusement,
Or have recourse to balls or dice,
Or cards for an amusement?

Say ye, who judge of what is wrong,
Would it not be a caper,
To leave the lofty heights of song,
And shuffle painted paper?

With those who do the deal and all,
Their worthless time deceiving,
Forgetful how these silent hours
Their destiny are weaving,

Not thinking, as they, deal and deal,
The game is everlasting;
While all unseen another hand
Another die is casting.

As thus we watch the stream of time
Glide swiftly on before us,
The undeveloped future hangs
In awful mystery o'er us.

Then give me life with its joys untried
And its old familiar sorrows:
Yon glorious sun, so lately set,
Will rise again to-morrow.

LINES IN MEMORY OF MRS. W. L. G.

While others eulogize a great man's name,
 And swell with trumpet's sound the roll of fame,
 Around his bier their floral offerings spread,
 And him they censured living, praise when dead.
 In strains not less sincere, although more rude,
 While others praise the great, I'll praise the good,
 Join with the friends who mourn her and repeat —
 A gentle, loving heart hath ceased to beat.

For though her name might not be known afar
 She shone at home, a bright domestic star, —
 Her living image on each heart impressed
 Beloved the most by those who knew her best.

A husband mourns a gentle, loving wife,
 The dear companion of a busy life,
 Her wonted place views with abstracted air,
 And sees, with tearful eye, her vacant chair.
 And all the blessings Fortune can confer,
 Are left of half their worth, unshared by her,
 And friends retained in love's enduring band,
 Would gladly clasp again that loving hand.

For though her presence was more felt than heard,
 There was a quiet wisdom in her words
 That had the power desponding souls to cheer,
 To cherish hope to banish grief and fear:
 Her sympathy to broken hearts was balm
 And troubled spirits felt the infectious calm

Dispensing happiness with little noise,
 She lost her sorrows in another's joys
 Oh Time! Oh Death! why bear ye day by day,
 The light of eyes, the love of hearts away?
 Undimmed by Selfishness, unstained by crime,
 Like pearls they glitter on the shores of time,
 Though beautiful they seem in love's own light.
 Some wave of sorrow, sweeps them from our sight;
 In vain we seek our loved ones to recall,
 The Past — the unrelenting Past — hath all,
 And she, the subject of this simple song,
 The loved, the honored, to the past belongs.

Our grief is vain we know — we need not ask
 Ought at thy hand inexorable Past!
 Thou givest not back our loved ones, though we weep,
 Thine office only is — unchanged to keep —

Custodian of the loves of other years,
 Thou givest not back for mortal's prayers or tears.
 Keep them, Oh Past! for they are very dear,
 Keep them from change — for all are changing here.

And when we're tired of life's unfinished schemes
 Restore them often to our waking dreams —
 When weary wandering in life's crooked ways,
 When hope hath ceased to promise better days,
 Then may we look from earth, to worlds on high,
 And hope to meet them in the distant sky.



Farewell is a word that we often pronounce;
Yet who the deep meaning can tell,
When breathed in a sigh from a desolate heart,
Of a quietly whispered farewell.

As we met shall we part? need acquaintance so short
Demand or a thought, or a rhyme?
Though pleased with each other we talked and we laughed;
Yet our friendship was but for a time.

A few days of the world with its bustle and strife,
And we'll be as we never had met:
As we float down the eddying current of life,
How easy it is to forget!

Yet oft, when the present 's with sorrow o'ercast,
And we think of the times that have been,
How gladly we'd meet with those friends of the past:
But alas! what a gulf is between.

ENIGMA.

Two rivals seek the homage of one heart,
And each her own peculiar joys impart;
Though different as is heat and cold, you'll find
The one suggests the other to the mind:
Though one delights in pleasure, one in pain,
Both often fail their object to obtain;
The one delights to praise, the other blame;
Both lead to honor sometimes— sometimes shame.
Now Gentle Reader can you tell their names?

LINES,

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE PHOTOGRAPH OF MABEL YOUNG,
A CHILD SUPPOSED TO BE MURDERED, IN A CHURCH BELFRY
IN BOSTON. MAY 1875.

I see in this small spot of light and shade,
A child of wondrous loveliness portrayed,
And while I think of her mysterious death:
I almost lose in mankind all my faith:
Dark deeds I know are done in passion's storm,
But cannot think that one in human form
Could see this cherub, and with wicked will,
Would brave the gallows causelessly to kill,
Some Ghoul like those which Edgar Poe hath shrouded
To dwell "up in the steeple all alone;
That are neither man nor woman
That are neither brute nor human"
But are ghouls
Of which detective beagles take no heed,
And not a human being did this deed.
Some ghoul that thought that one so sweet and mild,
Was much too fair to be a human child:
Deemed her some angel who had left her sphere,
And thought perchance she had no human peer,
A truant from a happier world than this
And rudely hurried her to realms of bliss.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

From cords and secants, tangents, arcs and sines,
Rectangles, angles, straight and crooked lines,
In Gordian tangles, and from truths scarce true,
I turn my thoughts to former days, and you.

Oft have we spent an hour in friendly talk,
Oft scrambled through the woods to enjoy a walk,
Searched the dark caverns, climb the sunny hill,
For idle wandering was our pleasure still;
In the society of one another,
Each thought he had a friend, almost a brother—
The sage's lore, the bard's enchanting song,
Was still our theme these wilds, and woods among,
Nor thought we then, how a few years could change
Our very selves, and all we loved estrange:
Like leaves, by an autumnal tempest hurled,
We're blown about this ever changing world.

Oh happy ye! whose fertile lands supply,
What, the mechanic's wages cannot buy
The comforts of a home—nor have ye need,
Wandering from house to house, to seek your bread;
While vines and olive plants surround your door,
What is there yet, that ye could wish for more?

Oh love! thou sun of life thy cheering rays
Can scatter flowerets o'er life's thorny maze;
Without thee, what a waste were human life?
Oh what were wealth, or fame, without a wife;—
Say ye, for whom Love's sparkling eyes are bright,
Who sun yourselves in that magnetic light,

To what the measure of a soft white hand
 'S a luxury ye well can understand:
 How would ye feel, supposing that ye knew
 That the wife who had not one love for you?
 Would ye not look with an adulterous eye
 On every blooming girl, ye might espy?

Such is their fate, who turn an adder ear
 To th' charmer's voice, and still refuse to hear:
 Who bid away the beautiful and bright,
 And bade the day, because they love the night;
 Who, lest a wife should make the joys of life less,
 Still live on, joyless, hopeless, homeless, wifeless.

But while I write, the rapid minutes fly,
 The sun is gliding down yon icy sky,
 The fashions of the world will be forgot,
 And those who live wives, as if they had them not —
 Earth's joys and pleasures, are not what they seem.
 And life itself is but a fever-dream —

But when I write my time is flying too
 Forgive my haste — a loyal dear friend, adieu!

A POSTSCRIPT.

As the "angel" sends me precious balm,
 When tears are many, and my sorrows are calm,
 And glances in my eyes are sad;
 For I have been so long a solitary day;
 So, when once I find Alexander's transient flowers,
 A balmy wish which hope sweetens joyless hours;
 Then, when that ember of grief and pain —
 I have been happy, and may be again.

TIME.

How swift is Time ! the startled revelers cry,
 As dawn breaks up a night of revelry :
 How swift is Time ! the business man repeats,
 As one, two, three, the town clock hammer beats :
 He, punctual Time with needless haste upbraids,
 While thinking on banks closed, and bills unpaid .

Brethren the time is short, the preacher cries,
 For sinful pleasure let the past suffice —
 Run for your lives, run earnestly run well : —
 The prize is heaven the forfeiture is hell —
 Eternal issues hang on time so short,
 There 's little left for trifling, or for sport .

The dying man who sees with feverish eyes,
 The sun slip inch by inch adown the skies ;
 While time draws near to render his account,
 And Conscience tells him of the dread amount
 Of sins forgotten, and of buried gifts,
 Cries Oh how swift is Time ! how very swift —

The assassin sees the morning star appear,
 Which tells him that the day will soon be here,
 To pour Heaven's light on some unfinished crime,
 And mutters curses on the speed of Time .

The poor condemned, whose lot it is to dwell
 For a short space in yon dark prison cell,
 Scarce hears the murmur of them as they go —
 The busy crowds that hurry to and fro,
 And thinks in agony he ne'er again
 Shall mingle in the haunts of living men

The patch of sky, seen through his prison bars,
 Is glorious with its multitude of stars;
 Those stars which in the liquid distance swim,
 Are beautiful — but have no charms for him;
 E'en from the blessed sun he turns away,
 And hates the obtrusive glories of the day,
 Those lights cannot dispel his bosom's gloom,
 Where one dread thought, and one alone has room —
 When cruel crowds impatient wait to see,
 His living form writhe on the pallews-tree,
 And while the city clock, from yonder tower,
 With solemn warning tolls the passing hour,
 He thinks in his dread prison all alone
 Another of his numbered hours is gone.

But why, you'll ask, of guilty wretches sing?
 To them, Time flies, indeed, on raven wing —
 They dread his flight, although they hate his stay;
 For dark with omen is each passing day:
 Thus hath it ever been, and ever will —
 An evil conscience bodeath sorrow still.

Nor this alone — whate'er we value here,
 Whate'er delights us, whatsoe'er is dear:
 When pleasure's draught we quaff without alloy,
 Time dashes from our lips the cup of joy;
 And leaves us mourning o'er our lost delight,
 Sighing, and murmuring, at his rapid flight.

The very thought of time, will drive away,
 The reveler's mirth; he knows it cannot stay.

But friend, the secret of all earthly bliss,
 Is in forgetting much, but minding this —

If you would have your joys a moment last,
Ignore the future and forget the past;
Think not of what may be, or what has been;
But catch the infectious gladness of the scene.
If Time knock at thy door — Why let him stand —
With scythe, and wings, and ebbing glass of sand;
If still he knocks, the host's part be thine —
Instead of sand — give him a glass of wine:
And since his stay is likely to be brief,
A kindly welcome give the hoary Chief:
And when he will go — Why just let him go —
He'll take your joy, but may not leave your woe;
You cannot move him by your prayers or tears,
He flies, and mows, but neither sees, nor hears,
While meting out our modicum of hours,
Omnivorous he every-thing devours;
As tree, and river, mountain, sea, and place
Are swallowed up by all-devouring space .

The joys which please us, and the cares which vex —
Alike, will cease to please us, and perplex —
We laugh, we weep an hour, and all is gone;
Time, like a river rushes on, and on .
We tire of lovely scenes, — of pleasures too.
And passionately long for something new;
For other scenes, and other pleasures sigh;
Till sick of life, we with impatience cry —
Glide like a meteor through yon skies, O sun!
And bring me better days — or bring me none —
As Shakspeare truly says, from youth to age

We are but actors — and this life a stage —
 We learn in youth, alas ! that all our schemes
 Are wild, and baseless, as a poet's dreams .
 We strive for wealth, and honor, — love, and hate
 With human hands, oppose resistless Fate,
 And when our little hour of acting's done,
 We end with nothing ; as we first began :
 The crowds may laud, or hiss, but still the heart
 Is cheered, if we have acted well our part .

One sneaks in rags, and shuns a brother's eye :
 One struts, in all the tinsels wealth can buy —
 Stand ragged wretch ! and go not near his home.
 The bay of yon grim mastiff, means, begone !
 For thou with him hast neither lot nor part,
 And he with thee, no sympathy of heart .

In town, or country, wheresoe'er we go,
 Men drink life's mingled cup of joy and woe.
 Care dwells, a guest unwelcome, 'neath yon dome,
 And visits oft the quiet rural home,
 Strolls, with the listless rustics that you meet,
 And walks among the crowds that throng the street ;
 For human still their passions, acting, aim,
 The scenes are different — actors much the same .

See ! through the streets what nameless numbers go —
 The multitudes, composing life's dumb show .

See there ! one seeks for wealth — and with it power
 To lord it o'er his fellows, for an hour :
 Unheeded now a voice from Heav'n may cry —
 Sell not for wealth, a treasure in the sky —

For though he hates proximity to pain,
He hears the voice of sorrow plead in vain :
Sworn devotee — his sympathies and time
He now must immolate at mammon's shrine —
What cares he for the envious cynic's laugh ;
While hatless heads bow to a golden calf :
Though prating preachers fearful stories tell,
And conscience whispers — all may not be well,
He knows, all men desire, for gold is bought —
Say, What can gold procure? What can it not !
All good things of this life — he knows it can
Buy — "wine that cheers the heart of God and man,"
What though his hair is gray, and heart is cold,
He knows for wealth that woman's love is sold ;
That, pretty little misses in their teens
Will smile upon him as a man of means —

Wealth is the talisman, whose power can draw,
On purseless waifs, the lightnings of the law .
Wealth is the spell whose magic charm can make
The heartless villain honored for its sake :
And if there 's ought that heart could wish for more,
'Tis hid, from vulgar gaze, by yon tall door,
In yonder regal mansion's lofty hight,
Where jets of gas emit a sunny light :
From that delicious snuggery, Oh low sweet !
To hear all night, the tramp of homeless feet —

Now drop the curtain — raise again — now view
Another scene, and other actors too —
'Tis not the time when changing seasons bring,
With lengthening days the promises of spring,

That wakes from winter's sleep the little rills,
 And sends them dancing down the sunny hills,
 When little wild flowers, of unnumbered dyes,
 Peep through the withered leaves, with starry eyes,
 And violets, wakened by the genial beams,
 Look, with their blue eyes, on the wandering streams,
 Nor time, when trees unfurl their leafy sails,
 To flap, and flutter in the pluvial gales;
 When to reward the farmer's toil appear
 The first green blades — the promise of the year:
 When woodland choirs assembled, blithe, and glad
 That winter's past, in gay regalias clad,
 And all the winged minstrels sing in tune,
 The loves, and ecstasies of leafy June.
 But, 'tis the season when the smoky sky,
 And flowery fields, announce midsummer nigh:
 When Sol assumes his undisputed reign,
 The ownership of sky, and hill, and plain:
 Not as in winter — timorously, and shy,
 He skulks along the borders of the sky;
 As one, who feels that his reception's cold,
 And doubts, himself his right to have, and hold;
 But mounts, triumphant up heaven's lofty dome,
 And takes possession, of his skyey home.
 Now, the hot winds blown o'er the misty sea,
 Their languid influence breathes o'er lawn, and lea;
 Now, weltering in the pool the bristly hog
 Foretells the nearness of those days called Dog.
 And brooks from leafy dens, reluctant run;
 While, like a furnace glows — the great, red, sun.

Now, to the town, and let us join the throng,
Where human floods, in confluence pour along;
Where painted wood-work, gaping in the blaze,
Absorbs caloric, from the smoky rays,
And heated brick intenser heat imparts,
And nought around is cold — but human hearts.
A soldier sits — now safe from war's alarms —
With basket fastened to his handleless arm;
Who, on precarious charity would live —
Would take the wretched pittance few will give.

In yon recess, an aged pedlar shows,
His wretched wares, to tempt the passing beaux:
But all in vain his pleading, and his tears —
They hear him not, nor heed him if they hear.

In yonder current of the eddying throng —
A woman singer trills a merry song:
But though she sings a song of loves, and joys;
There is a sadness in the minstrel's voice —
Few care, of all the crowds that throng the street,
The infectious sorrow of her eyes to meet:
So, heedless of the weary minstrel's sigh,
They hear the music, and they hurry by —
Now sinks the sun — but we will view again,
An evening scene amidst this mart of men,
And pleasure's votaries follow to their den.

Now issuing from yon barber's shop, you meet,
Some bare-faced rascals, pacing down the street;
Let conscience sleep — go with them where they go
If you their pleasures, and pursuits would know.

In yon saloon — although 'tis rather dear,
 Is wine, and brandy, gin, and lager-beer,
 There fifty cents will buy a cup of tea,
 Or glass of wine; though nought but love is free —
 There squeaks the fiddle — there twangs the guitar.
 And mustached dandies suck at their cigars;
 Then through the darkness hie to yon retreat,
 Where fallen angels promenade the street,
 The cyprian nymph you find, as frail as fair,
 In beauty — not of holiness — is there.
 There humar vermin wriggle in some hole,
 Where lust, and avarice, divide the soul;
 Nor think how end the course they thus begin;
 Till, spotted with the leprosy of sin;
 Which brings the poet's dreadful words to mind.
 "All ye that enter here! leave hope behind" —

But now you'll ask me, how it fares with me,
 Who drift a wreck o'er life's tempestuous sea?
 Once on a day — In life when I was young,
 And hope's bright halo ever o'er me hung.
 I gazed with rapture on a lovely form
 Nor deemed it was the signal of a storm.
 I dream'd of quiet, and a country life,
 An honor'd name, and friends — forsooth a wife —
 These Fortune hath denied: but Time instead,
 Hath placed a crown of glory on my head.
 On me, no eyes with partial fondness beam —
 For me no fields with plenteous harvests team —

And now, perchance, these darling hopes are gone —
 Well 'tis no matter! I can live alone —
 I'll not repine at Fate — So farewell then!
 The love of Woman, and applause of men.

Spirit of Song be with me! Oh vouchsafe!
 The joys that I with thee, was wont to have.
 And while I view life's drama's varying scene,
 And act, myself, a part behind the screen:
 I'll watch this moving show of woe and crime;
 Till the last actor leaves the stage, and Time
 Shall sweep these wretched pageants all away,
 Let fall the curtain, and put out the day,
 When weirder scenes in stranger light shall rise,
 We, other actors, see with other eyes.

THE ADVENT.

PROEM.

'Tis Sabbath, and the dewy fields are bright,
 The summer sun is shining in his might,
 And all around aglow, with yellow light.

Oh Sabbath day! of all the days the best,
 Thou type, and earnest, of the heavenly rest:
 Thou bring'st to weary workers a release:
 One day — their Sisyphus-like labors, cease
 The multitudinous voice of trade is still;
 The rumbling wagon, and the clanking mill:
 And men, and women don their best attire,
 And those who work, as well, as those who hire,

In cheerful conversation take the road,
 And quietly gather at the House of God ;
 As scholars gather at the hours of school,
 Or noisy brooks, collect in quiet pool :
 And those, who rest, and solitude may choose ;
 Can sit, and read, or better, sit and muse :
 Or walk in places lone, and softly tread,
 Like loving children when some friend is dead,
 Who softly walk, and speak with voice suppressed :
 For fear they break the sleeper's endless rest .
 There comes a swell of music on the breeze
 From birds, that sing among the leafy trees,
 Whose bursts of song in a glad cadence die ;
 And not like human minstrels'—in a sigh .
 They sing, as those might sing, that understood —
 Or if they knew not — felt that, "God is good,"
 No dread of sorrow checks their tuneful breath,
 Nor fear they the dread mystery of death,
 That horrid spectre, that before us moves ;
 Whose dreadful shadow — rests on all we love .
 For glorious man, who might be King, and Priest :
 Alas ! is often, only king of beasts :
 The sum of all whose knowledge, is to know :
 This world of gladness, is a world of woe .

Ye pampered parasites of Power ! who praise,
 The light, and freedom, of these latter days :
 Who, from the pit of vice, the wretch to draw,
 Would, load him with the heavy chains of law :
 Who, think the plague of sin can best be healed
 By human law, enacted, or repealed ;

Forget the spirit, and with wicked will
Retain the letter of the law that kills:
Ye hypocrites — 'tis love the law fulfills.

Though churches rise, and gilded steeples shine,
Still wretched men in cells of prisons pine;
While, sleepy watchmen nod on Zion's towers,
Nor know, nor care, how pass th' eventful hours;
Nor e'er for morning cast a wistful eye,
Nor mark the redness of the eastern sky;
While Murder there performs his horrid work
The christain's murderer — the cruel Turk —
Whom England's blood, and treasure, saved from harm,
While England's polity, sustains his arm. —

Ye preachers of smooth things! when will ye cease
To whisper your delusive song of peace?
Nor wait for breaking day, or rising star;
But still cry peace! while all is woe and war —
Ye talk of light — while all around is dark —
False prophets ye! Dumb dogs, that will not bark;
That live deliciously, and dare not ask
Oppression to relax his iron grasp.
While some commend the lash, — and some the rope —
I shuddering ask — O God is there no hope?
When sorrow, like a deluge floods the land,
And Woe, and Wickedness go hand in hand,
While nought but gloom on every side I see —
Hope of the world! we turn our eyes to Thee.
Arise Oh Sun of Righteousness! and bring,
Light, love, and hope, and healing on thy wing;
Till o'er this wintry world thy power be felt:

Thy rays enlighten now, but let them melt ;
 These clouds of sin, and sorrow drive away,
 And usher in the long millennial day .

SEQUEL .

There was a time — one land on Earth was free ;
 When Israel's Children lov'd their Jubilee ;
 When those oppression had compelled to roam,
 Returned with shouting to their Father's home
 And fealty, to the King Unseen was vowed,
 Ere Judah's sons to Roman Ceasar bowed .
 But Roman power now darkened every land,
 And grasped all peoples in its bloody hand,
 And in the distance, Judah's matrons hear,
 Those mingling sounds of war that mothers fear,
 While o'er their land the Roman Eagle flings,
 The conqueror's standard from its bloody wings,
 And Israel's once unconquered spirit 's broke,
 And quietly they wear the Roman yoke .
 A calm ensues — all wars and tumults cease,
 Before the Advent of the Prince of Peace ; —
 'Tis but the calm before the thunder stroke —
 The tempests hush — before the earthquake shock —
 The visions cease — the Oracles are dumb —
 Men think that Shiloh is about to come —
 Each day, they hope, will some deliverer bring : —
 While faithful Jew awaits the Anointed King —

And pastoral poet watches for his Pan —
Appears upon this earth — a wonderous man !
Among the sons of men he stood alone,
While an unearthly glory round him shone,
No royal robe, he o'er his shoulders flings,
Although descended from a line of kings ;
But meek, and pure as lily of the dell,
His strange, glad tidings, to the people tells :
But yet, to those, who widows' homes devour,
These strange, wild words, have lightning-scathing power,
In him appear strange works of love and might —
The sick are heal'd, the blind receive their sight,
The dumb demoniacs speak — some call him Lord,
And ears long deaf, now hear his gracious word.
He borrows nought from earthly pomp, or state,
Nor courts alliance with the rich, and great,
And seeking not to dazzle men with show,
Selects his followers from the poor, and low .

Earth's meanest children have their place of rest —
Foxes their holes, and birds of air their nests,
But He whose hand the hungry thousands fed,
Hath not a place himself to lay his head —
The night is dark — and sudden tempests wake,
The waters of the Galilean lake —
The waves swell high — no human hand can save —
The affrighted fishers fear a watery grave :
When He, whose presence oft hath cheered their sight,
Comes walking, on the waters, through the night —
He speaks his wonted words of love, and cheer —
The tempest ceases — and so cease their fears .

There is a home his presence oft hath blessed ;
 But one — a brother — loved, and mourned, and missed,
 Hath died, and Death that wrings so many tears
 Is master now ; — the Master was not here :
 But comes again with words of hope, and cheer . —
 See the dead Laz'rus ! from his funeral cave —
 Comes in the fearful vesture of the grave !
 How strange ! that one whose work was doing good,
 Should be maligned, and hated, and withstood,
 And all his works of power, and mercy past ;
 Should die upon the cruel cross at last !
 While spiteful priests reiterate " crucify, " —
 And clam'rous multitudes, repeat the cry .
 While men on earth, possessed by fiends beneath,
 Gnash on the Holy One, with wolfish teeth, —
 A darkness terrible ! enshrouds the skies,
 And th' Earth shudders — and the dead arise :
 As on the cross, the Man of Sorrow dies !

Drunk is the cup, and passed the bitter hour :
 For Death, o'er Him, had but a transient power .
 A mighty angel, in the keeper's sight,
 With lightning countenance, dressed in robes of light,
 Rolls from the tomb, the pond'rous stone away,
 And shows His followers where the body lay :
 But He hath risen ; for 'tis the appointed day . —
 And they shall meet him where the wavelets break
 Upon the lonely margin of the lake,
 And in the room — and sweeter, grander still,
 Shall meet on Olivet's familiar hill . —

Shall meet him there, — the crucified and slain :
 He who was dead, — and is alive again !

Oh ! sweet is pleasure after sorrow past ; —
 But this was joy too heavenly far — to last ; —
 While his commands, attentively, they hear,
 And drink his gracious words, with thirsty ears —
 As o'er the past, their busy memories run, —
 They think of all that he has taught, and done, —
 He stilled the storm : — carressed a little child —
 Was loved, and hated, — worshiped, and reviled, —
 Endured the thorny crown, — the torturing rod, —
 And died at last forsaken of his God !
 Drank, to the dregs affliction's bitter cup, —
 But while they listen — he is taken up !
 They gaze with wonder, sorrow, and delight —
 Till clouds of heaven receive him from their sight. —
 Homes of the Happy ! Mansions of the Blest !
 Welcome to Glory ! Earth's rejected Guest. —

Their loved, — their honored Master, now is gone,
 And they are left, in this dark world, alone .

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Dear O — y, since I saw you last,
 Days, weeks, and even months, have glided past —
 “Procrastination is the thief of time”
 I should have written, though ’twas not in rhyme.
 Then the “Last minstrels” of the summer sung.
 And the red berries in the jungles hung.
 Warm winds came fragrant from the new-mown hay,
 And fields, and woods, were drest in green array.
 The sun looked large — and not so very high
 Dilated, by a hazy summer sky,
 Now all are changed — the birds no longer sing:
 But flutter round as if to try their wings;
 No song is heard: — hushed every note of mirth;
 As if some evil had befallen the earth,
 The woods no more repeat their songs of joy,
 But emigration all their thoughts employ.
 The skies no more retain their summer hue,
 But seen through clouds, — appear intensely blue —
 The Sun, himself, appears like one astray,
 And wanders weary, o’er heaven’s pathless way.
 From the wide forest comes a stormy noise, —
 A deeper murmur has the cataract’s voice, —
 Imbrowned with spoils from many a stately tree,
 The rain-swollen river hurries to the sea,
 And while all round is changed, — How is ’t with thee?
 Does Fortune crown each effort with success,
 As onward, onward, onward still you press?

With wealth in prospect, and with pleasure near,
And each delight, that mortals value here,
With faithful friends,— and one than friend more dear
What with the world! its pleasure, care, and strife,
Forget awhile the vanity of life,—
And while time dances by with song and glee,
Waste not a single thought on one like me. —

But Mirth, and Sadness are twin sisters born;
As without night, we could not have a morn;
Time hurries past the busy, and the glad,
But lingers with the weary, and the sad, —
If you're disposed to murmur at your lot —
O then I say, Dear Friend forget me not.

Curst be the wealth which chills, and hardens hearts!
Which truest friends, and fondest lovers parts,
By its chill influence, like a wintry frost,
The worth, and sweets, of lowly life are lost:
Where little flowers bloomed sweetly on the ground,
It casts its dull, cold, withering glare around:
Yet to the friendless, friendship must be dear,
For all who love the poor man are sincere. —

It may seem arrogant for me to claim
Your friendship. I who 'ave neither wealth, nor name,
Nor power, nor influence, nor ought men prize,
Nor ought that 's precious in the worldling's eyes.
Well if it is — impertinence let it be, —
I 've spent some very happy hours with thee,
And on the soul impressed and ne'er forget
Is every hour of high, and holy thought.

We sought forbidden mysteries to scan,
 And reasoned on the destiny of man:
 These hours are past — we ne'er again may meet
 To spend a friendly hour in counsel sweet;
 But though our lot be cast far, far apart,
 Can time or distance change a friendly heart?
 I owe you much — when friendless, and alone,
 Your sympathy, and kindness cheered me on;
 And now since widely different is our lot,
 Shall I not be content to be forgot?
 No, — I'll believe that you are still my friend,
 And if my liberty of speech offend;
 This once forgive me — I'll offend no more,
 And all our correspondence shall be o'er. —
 Hence with the thought. —

My Friend hast thou e'er known
 What 'tis to live in every sense alone,
 Without an aim, — a friend, a smile, a tear,
 And almost too, without a hope, or fear?
 A longing anxious look, didst thou e'er cast,
 From the dark Future, to the dreadful Past,
 Endless, and unbeginning — time appears,
 A dark, interminable waste of years;
 And as you think, and ponder o'er, and o'er,
 Seems it not to you you have lived before?
 Life has no color then, or green, or blue;
 But a dim outline, for we see it through:
 Mirth seems but madness, nor can love impart
 One thrill of pleasure to the palsied heart;
 And sparkling eyes that charm us to behold,
 Like wintry stars seem beautiful — but cold.

When early life's romantic dreams are o'er,
And hope — that best of flatterers lies no more,—
Seems it not worse than useless to endure
A thousand ills which only death can cure —
While knife, and rope, and muddy pond supply
That boon of wretchedness — the means to die —
Oh ! is there nought this hectic can control,
Or fill this hated vacuum of the soul ?
Oh ! who is he that would without a sigh,
Live unbelov'd, and unlamented die !
Through the low vale of life, inglorious creep,
His only hope — an everlasting sleep !
It is Religion that must bring the cure,
And fill the soul with holy thoughts, and pure ;
And though Eternity's great sea appears,
Engulfing all our days, and months, and years :
We'll keep the promises of Faith in view,
And live, and die, believing they are true ;
And if thought perish like a taper's gleam —
We'll never know our hope was all a dream .

And Poetry ! thou too hast magic power,
To soothe, and sweeten, many a bitter hour :
From the lone flower that lifts its lovely head,
To the great sun that steeps the skies in red,
Whither winds whistle, or loud thunders roll,
All ! all ! have rapture to the poet's soul :
'Tis sweet to feel the freshness of the hills ;
'Tis sweet to wander by the wandering rills :
These joys, Dear Friend, I've felt, and felt with you ;
But must conclude — and now a frank adieu .

95
A POEM WRITTEN FOR RECITATION.

Forgive me, friends, if for a moment's time,
I ask your patience to a homespun rhyme :
Asked to recite, and rising at your call,
I stand, almost a stranger to you all ;
For though with most of you I've bought and sold,
Asked how you prospered, and perhaps been told ;
Yet here as elsewhere, 'tis my lot to rove,
A man whom few may hate, but fewer love .
But, why this egotism, some will say,
Who cares about you, be you what you may ?
But friends, if friends ye be, let me explain —
From Sympathy — proceeds our joy or pain ;
This is a power men use for good, or ill —
By this we comfort, and by this we kill . —

Why pleads a Duff, or Carey with the throng,
Till by the tide of feeling borne along,
Th'are with the impassioned speaker forced to join,
And from their fingers drop the needed coin, —
The pleader has been sick, and found a cure —
And now he bears good tidings to the poor,
And having seen the misery of the lost —
Joins Mercy's enterprise, nor counts the cost .

And this the power, by whose inspiring breath,
The Warrior leads his hosts o'er fields of death :
Inspired by glory, and athirst for fame,
He mocks at death to earn a deathless name :
This is the guerdon that those great ones have,
Who to be Kings — the King of Terrors brave .

But for the common Soldier — what 's his claim,
'Mong dying thousands to a share of fame?
Say, can the war gazette a century save,
His name — his memory, from a bloody grave?
Ah no! a friend may weep a cloudy day, —
A wife may mourn a twelvemonth — far away;
But this is all remains of what has been, —
He is forgotten ere his grave is green.

Yet see the General hurl that living mass!
Where bayonets bristle in yon crowded pass;
Where even the boldest draw a panting breath,
As round them falls the thunder-storm of death, —
It is another's will impels them on;
A power resistless — to themselves unknown.

But there 's a power which more to me belongs,
Of which I 'd rather speak, — the power of song,
This have I felt, as many an idle day
I 've hung enraptured o'er some poet's lay,
And sympathizing with him — felt in turn,
The power of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"
Or walking out, I oft entranced have stood
By lonely brooks, that wander through the wood,
And listened to the storm-wind rushing by,
Driving the clouds along the troubled sky,
And sweeping o'er the pine tops with a noise
Like billows mustering at the tempest's voice;
And heard the thunder pealing far away,
'Mong drifting clouds that overhung the bay;
Or watched the Star of Day in glory rise, —
Or silent Moon alone in the dark skies. —

THE PLEASURES OF REFLECTION.

While some to happy homes retire,

And hie to revels some:

I sit beside a fading fire,

My hour of musing 's come.

The pulse of business sinks away,

And into stillness dies:

Now fades the glowing tints of day

In the calm evening skies.

'Tis pleasant when in mood of song,

To think of times long past;

Of sorrows that have tarried long,

Of joys — that wouldn't last.

Of friends of other days, and lands,—

The loved, the mourned, the missed,—

The manly grasp of friendship's hand,—

The lips, perchance, we've kiss'd.

A tearful glory round them seems —

The loved, the tried, the true!

They linger long — then pass like dreams,

In a dissolving view.

The sorrows dreaded long ago;

We now no longer mourn,—

Their shadows pass us; but we know —

They never can return.

And memories of joys long past,

Afford us still delight,

And, still, a twilight gladness cast

Far into sorrow's night.

'Tis pleasant, in some qui't retreat,
When gathering storms increase,
To hear the rain our windows beat,
When all within is peace .

Or hear the thunder's echoing crash
When clouds repeat the roar,
Or the long, rolling surges dash
On a rough, rocky shore .

'Tis sweet the opening flowers to spy,
And watch the unfolding leaves —
Or hear the gentle zephyrs sigh
Among the waving trees .

'Tis sweet when absent many a year,
Among our friends to stand,
The welcome voice of love to hear,
And clasp a loving hand .

But sweeter still when death is near,
When, dims the closing eye :—
That Hope, that whispers, Do not fear !
A happier world is nigh .

Oh! those are joys, of which I'd almost say,
The World can neither give, nor take away:
But still are left to me, — and having those
I'm not so wretched as my foes suppose,
Nor will repine, tho' Ambition's glorious schemes —
Hope's airy castles, — Love's delicious dreams; —
Yea, all the pleasures other men delight
Have sunk in ruin from my aching sight.
And ye oppressors, cowardly, and mean,
Who join, the petty pirate of the stream, —
Behold I stand! and shrinking not from fate —
I scorn for scorn return — and hate for hate.

But I forget — O let not words of spite!
Or thought of wrongs e'er mar a festive night —
May Sympathy, her magic power supply,
Glow in each breast, and beam from every eye,
Till each forgets he has been vexed, or sad,
And in the common gladness — all be glad:
Nor let this thought one festive evening spoil —
To-morrow comes, with all its cares, and toil.
And you, to whom I owe my present cheer,
Who thought a stranger worth a welcome here: —
A poet's blessing on your kindness rest,
And joys — if seldom relished, still the best,
Thine be the gladness song alone inspires,
And thine, the common pleasures all desire:
As on the varying stream of life you sail,
May you ne'er meet misfortune's adverse gale:
But hand in hand, with some lov'd partner float,
Adown its rapids, in a pleasure boat.

But lest my liberty of speech offend ;
A serious word to all,— and then I end .
In early life, a joyous view appears,
A blissful vista of long, happy years ;
Ere passion yet has scath'd us, or the past
Hath o'er the soul, its long, death shadow cast ;
Dimming the light of all our present joys,
And calling to us with unearthly voice .
Join the hilarious revel while you may ;
But these, like former joys, will pass away —
Ye may have merry days, and nights of cheer ;
But Happiness, is not a dweller here,
And only seen by those, who cast their eyes
To the far world, that world beyond the skies .
To them the transient pleasures of the hour
Seem frail — though lovely as the fading flowers —
Those evanescent beauties, that display
Their speckled petals in a summer day ;
This is the reason why the christian, then
Can bear those griefs that madden other men,
For carking cares that every day molest,
Endear the prospect of eternal rest ;
But 'tis enough — I trespass on your time,
I should not preach, who only meant to rhyme .

Bene est, cui Deus obtulit
 Parca, quod satis est, manu

Horace

• • • • •

In some dull, dreary day of mist and rain,
 When clouds float low along the plashy plain,
 when th' full tide of joy begins to sink,
 There comes to every man a time to think.—
 While men chase wealth, or whirl in pleasure's dance
 This wond'rous world may seem the work of Chance:
 And men, while happy, busy, and at ease
 May walk the earth, and sail upon the seas,
 And see each day the wonders God hath wrought,
 And yet he may not be in all their thoughts.

But there's a Consciousness that seems to say
 That God is never very far away:
 But near us still to succor and defend,
 And nearer us than any earthly friend:
 That ev'ry day we live upon his love—
 In him we being have, and live and move:
 'Tis he the functions of our life maintains,
 And that strange *microcosm* man' sustains.

The heart, from youth till age, is never still
 Yet needs no supervision of the Will;
 Unlike the watch that often needs repair
 It beats, and beats, and beats without our care,
 And th' lungs breathe unwill'd the vital air.

while eye, and ear collect the sights, and sounds,
 And all the wonders of the world around.
 Which tell us that God's love is ever real,
 That 'tis his sun which shines, his moon which falls.

Yet men live atheist here—deaf, nor hear
 Because they shut their eyes, and stop their ears!
 And Conscience's voice if heard, is lost in vain,
 By passion's clamour drowned, and sense of gain.

A Farmer toils here—having tilled the soil,
 At length he sees rich fruits grow on his soil,
 And o'er his fields the heavy harvest fall:
 Yet recognises not the power of God!
 Though fruits mature, and sun and moon shine—
 But in the night he sees the Lord Divine.

A Sailor visits many a clime, and shore,
 And braves the tempests howl, and billows roar,
 Whither 'mong icy crags the current runs,
 Or the deep ocean heaves beneath the sun:
 Yet no presiding Power, in all he sees,
 And sought delights but wicked revelries:
 Godless he lives— an atheist, and he then,
 His Providence— the Captain, and the Moon:
 But when the tempest's wings invest the skies,
 When rushing in their might, the billows rise:
 When through the surf the wrecked ship on wreck,
 And bonny waves dash o'er her bounding deck—
 O'er the wild watering sea he looks around,
 Forgets his atheism and calls on God!

An instinct tells him, instincts never lie.
Though long forgotten, God is ever nigh.

A Tyrant rules in wickedness sublime
Till murder is no longer deemed a crime.
His hardend heart regards not death, nor groans,
His way is trod by human blood and bones—
How long! Oh Lord how long! the tortured pray,
Till awful Mercy sweeps the wretch away—
Whose deeds accused are to his murderer!
And the grim specter of a life mispent,
And no men oft from folly's dream awake
When plagues grow blacker, & when earthquakes shake.

Has not our judgments, and in all things
The Power that rules the universe, men own
When spring returns we see the hand divine
In nature's aspect joyous, and benign;
And in the fields, and in the skies above
We recognise the Power whose name is Love.
We see the yellow sunshine flood the plain,
And hear the music of the falling rain,
And see with joy, and wonder all around
How flocks of beauty rising from the ground,
And songs of joy from budding trees we hear,
And in our spirits feel that God is near;
'Tis he inspires the mirth, and by his grace
This resurrection of the flow'ry race.

When summer brings the long delightful hours,
And warm winds rustle through the rosy bowers,

When heavy foliage hangs on every tree;
 The Providence that's over all we see.
 The pulpy fruit while nourishing its seed
 Affords a feast for every thing that feeds,
 While other seed on downy pinions go
 In search of a congenial place to grow:
 In all, in each the guardian Power is seen
 That clothes the arid earth with living green;
 E'en bees his winged messengers are made,
 While following daily their delightfull trade —
 'Mong blushing flowers, on mealy wings they rove,
 And whispering bear the messages of love.

When this fair world, by courtesy call'd ours,
 Is rich with fruit, and beautiful with flowers;
 When yellow autumn comes to crown the plain,
 And food, and gladness fill the heart of man;
 How bless'd are they who share his bounty free
 That they the Heav'nly Father's children be;
 Who makes his sun to shine, his rain to fall,
 Not on th' good alone; but upon all.

And Happy they! who seek his gracious face,
 And while they share his bounty, share his grace
 And Happy I! who sing this serious song,
 If to that favoured number I belong—
 True to myself, to others not unjust—
 I trust in him in whom 'tis safe to trust;
 For 'tis in HIM we live, and have our breath,
 And shall we fear to meet him at our death?

ELEGY

45

ON

LUCY M^r DONALD.

THE AUTHOR'S NIECE. WHO DIED. MAR .2. 1878.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in the grave — and Oh!
The difference is to me.

WORDSWORTH

• • • • •

I left her when she was a child,
Though fragile, beautiful, and mild,
And more than the pure lily's grace
Was in her pale, and modest face,
And bland, as is the summer skies
Th' expression of her thoughtful eyes. —

Left, and to distant cities went,
And life in wasting turmoil spent;
Where passion's storms, that never rest
Beat on th' oppressor, and th' oppressed,
And found myself, although too late,
A wreck upon the rock of fate.

Meanwhile, to cheer me often came
Sweet missives signed in her own name,
Of wisdom, and affection strong,
And sweet, melodious bursts of song
I longed to see my strange young friend,
And clasp the hand those letters pened.

When some decade of years had passed—
 Returned to well-known scenes at last
 I met the friends I used to know—
 The friends that loved me long ago;
 And there through tears of joy she smiled
 Whom I had left when but a child.
 Such tears might aangle eyelids steep
 That o'er returning sinners weep.

How passing beautiful she seemed!
 Some angle form of which I'd dreamed!—
 Some lovely Being lent awhile
 To cheer us with her heav'nly smile—
 A gardian angle to console,
 Or rather, an embodied Soul—
 'A boon by special favour giv'n:
 Not all of earth, nor all of heav'n
 And as the months sped fast away,
 Became still dearer ev'ry day.

Till Autum came, when tempests lower,
 And wither many a lovely flower,
 And bring Consumption in their train,
 Though known by some less dreaded name,
 Persistent messenger of Death
 He puts injunction on the breath,
 And lays, life's functions to arrest.
 His hand

When startled from his bed

He rose

She murmured not at "cruel Fate;"
But for the message seemed to wait,
Nor o'er the hurried summons sighed
But cheered her weeping friends—and died.
Like dying ember brighter, grew
until she vanished from our view.
Yet though so kind, so pure, so just,
A Saviour's love was all her trust.
She bade adieu, and clasped each hand,
Then left us for the better land.
Oh Lucy! Lucy! thou art gone,
And I am left alone —alone!
Life's weary watch awhile to keep,
Alone! alone! and thou asleep;
I mourn for thee, but cannot weep;
My sorrow like a fever dries
The tearful fountain of the eyes,
And words affording no redress,
Refuse the feelings to express.

Oh weep her all ye fountains wild!
For she was Nature's darling child,
And loved you from her earliest years—
Oh weep for her in dewy tears!

Her Requiem sing ye brooks, and bees,
And winds that sigh among the trees—
Ye bird that used to watch her stand,
And Light upon her head, or hand,

Or flutter round on spotted wing,
For her your sweetest requiem sing:
For ne'er again shall look on you
Those eyes so wonderful, and blue,
Nor timid creatures of the brook
Shall swim to meet that loving look.

No more, when gath'ring vapours form
A panorama of the storm,
Shall be unrolled before her eyes
The cloudy canvas of the skies,
Nor nature's harmony profound
Delight her with its blended sounds:
Nor I again that voice shall hear
More sweet than music to my ear.
The flowers may spring in dewy lawn,
And glittering in the vernal dawn,
"Shine in the morning's yellow rays";
But, not to me, with light of other days:
For ne'er again, by garden, stream, or tree,
These eyes still dim with tears, shall Lucy see.
The bower hath lost to me, its winking spell—
That fairy bower she used to love so well.
But Lucy, Lucy! thou art not forgot,
And may be near, although I see thee not.
Oh may we meet thee on the happy shore!
Where death is not, nor parting heard of more—
That land of peace and everlasting rest—
And see thee there, and live among the blest.

ELEGY

45

ON

LUCY M. DONALD.

THE AUTHOR'S NIECE, WHO DIED. MAR. 12. 1878.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in the grave — and OH!
The difference is to me.

WORDSWORTH.

• • • • •

I left her when she was a child,
Though fragile, beautiful, and mild,
And more than the pure lily's grace
Was in her gentle and modest face,
And bland, as is the summer skies
Th' expression of her thoughtful eyes. —

Left, and to distant cities went,
And life in wasting turmoil spent;
Where passion's storms, that never rest
Beat on th' oppressor, and th' oppressed,
And found myself, although too late,
A wreck upon the rock of fate.

Meanwhile, to cheer me often came
Sweet missives signed in her own name,
Of wisdom, and affection strong,
And sweet, melodious bursts of song
I longed to see my strange young friend,
And clasp the hand those letters pened.

"He murmured not at 'cruel Fate';
 But for the marriage seemed to wait,
 Nor o'er the hurried summons sighed
 But cheered her weeping friends—and died.
 Like dying ember brighter, grew
 Until she vanished from our view.
 Yet though so kind, so pure, so just,
 A Bavarian's love was all her trust.
 She bade adieu, and clasped each hand,
 Then left us for the better land.
 "Oh Lucy! Lucy! Thou art gone,
 And I am left alone—alone!
 Life's weary watch awhile to keep,
 Alone! alone! and thou asleep;
 I mourn for thee, but cannot weep;
 For sorrow like a fever dies
 The fearful fountain of the eyes,
 And words unending no redress,
 Refuse the feelings to express.
 Oh weep her all ye florets wild;
 For she was Nature's darling child,
 And loved you from her earliest years—
 Oh weep for her in dewy tears!
 Her Requiem sing ye brooks, and bees,
 And winds that sigh among the trees—
 Ye bird that used to watch her stand,
 And light upon her head, or hand."

When some decade of years had passed—
 Returned to well-known scenes at last
 I met the friends I used to know —
 The friends that loved me long ago:
 And there through tears of joy she smiled
 Whom I had left when but a child.
 Such tears might angels cyclus steep
 That o'er returning sinners weep.
 How passing beautiful she seemed!
 Some angle form of which I'd dreamed—
 Some lovely Being lent awhile
 To cheer us with her heavenly smile—
 A gardian angel to console,
 Or rather, an embodied soul —
 A boon by special favour given:
 Not all of earth, nor all of heav'n
 And as the months sped fast away,
 Became still dearer ev'ry day.
 Till Autumn came, when tempests lower,
 And wither many a lovely flower,
 And bring Consumption in their train,
 Though known by some less-freighted name,
 Persistent messenger of Death
 He puts injunction on the breath,
 And lays, life's functions to arrest,
 His hand upon the panting breast.
 When shortened breath, and beating heart,
 Foretold that we ere long must part—

Or flutter round on spotted wing,
 For her your sweetest requiem sing:
 For ne'er again shall look on you
 Those eyes so wonderful, and blue,
 Nor timid creature of the brook
 Shall swim to meet that looking look.

No more, when gathering vapours form
 A panorama of the storm,
 Shall be unrolled before her eyes
 The cloudy canvas of the skies,
 And nature's harmony profound
 Delight her with its blended sounds:
 Nor I again that voice shall hear
 More sweet than music to my ear.
 The flowers may spring in dowy lawn,
 And glittering in the vernal dawn,
 "As in the morning's yellow ray";
 But, not to me, with light of other days:
 For never again, by garden, stream, or tree,
 These eyes still dim with tears, shall long see.
 The power hath lost to me, the winning spell—
 That fairy power she used to love so well.
 But hush, hush! there art not dead,
 And may be near, although I see thee not.
 Oh may we meet 'tween on the happy shore!
 Where death is not, nor parting hearse of more—
 That land of peace and everlasting rest—
 And see thee there, and live among the blest.

A VERSION OF PSLM 1.

Blessed is the man who standeth not
 Where wicked men repair;
 Nor in th' ungodly's counsel walks,
 Nor sits in scorner's chair.

But in the holy law of God
 He takes supreme delight;
 He loves it, and he meditates
 Upon it day and night.

Like some fair tree, that's planted by
 A river, he shall grow,
 Nor leaves shall wither, nor fruit fail,
 Nor any blight shall know.

But the ungodly 's like the chaff
 Which winds drive off as dust:
 So they in judgement shall not stand,
 Nor sinners 'mong the just.

God knows the ways of righteous men,
 And righteous deeds will cherish:
 Not so with the ungodly man—
 His wicked ways shall perish.

50. LETTER TO FRIENDS ON THE
DEATH OF AN INFANTS CHILD.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the realms of death
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire
whose sparks fly upward and expire.

MONTGOMERY.

o o o o o

DEAR FRIENDS.

I'm grieved to hear Death hath removed
The darling little one I know you loved;
But death, of which hard things are said, and sung
Spare not the fair, the lovely, or the young;
We know, but scarce dare think death always near
Till startled when we find he hath been here—
Here in the very house in which we dwell,
And killed the very one we loved so well:
We sob with grief that almost chokes our breath;
And cry in agony, Oh cruel Death!
For well we know when weeping eyes are seen,
And wailing heard the place where Death hath been,
He waits his orders on whom next to fall—
Waits but a little while, and waits for all,
Nor leaves us, from our airy castles hurled,
Or place, or portion in this breathing world.
Ye who condemn some wretch to death for crime
Remember it is but a thing of time;

For while to death the trembling wretch ye doom,
Yourselves proceed, or follow to the tomb.

And ye who over-ride the prostrate throng
while in triumphal chariots borne along
Shall perish, having spent life's transitory day,
And all your pageantry shall pass away.

The marble palace, and the rock-built tower
Shall vanish like a summer cloud, or flower,
The prison's iron doors dissolve in rust,
Their granite walls shall crumble into dust,
And they who guard the prisoner's dreary den,
Whose "DUTY" 'tis to torture shackled men,
Shall like their prisoners die, and be forgot,
And like themselves, the tyrant's name shall rot
And they who strewed with death the ensanguined plain—
The mighty slayers shall by death be slain.
But will th' inexorable hand of fate

E'er cancel all we love, and all we hate
And nought in space, all boundles, and inane
But Heav'n's eternal throne alone remain
And will these souls of ours become extinct—
Our living, conscious selves that feel and think
Like glimmering watch-lights on a stormy sea
Be bloated from among the things that be?
Or shall we live in some pure realm of thought?
When all terrestrial things shall be forgot:
In joy and love, unmixed with pain and strife,
With Him who is the way, the truth and life.

why do the heathen rage, and say,
The people foolish things devise
Earth's kings and potentates against
The Lord and his Anointed rise.

And joined in an unholy league,
While taking counsel thus they say;
Let us asunder break their bands,
And let us cast their cords away.

He that in heaven sits shall laugh—
The Lord, their folly shall deride;
Then shall he speak to them in wrath
And in his sore displeasure chide.

Yet I've my king on zion set,
And I will publish the decree,
Thou art my well-beloved Son;
This day I have begotten thee.

Ask of me and for heritage,
The heathen I will give to thee,
And for possession thou shalt have
The distant isles beyond the sea.

Their kingdoms thou shalt break up small,
And dash in pieces with a stroke:
As when with blow of iron rod
A potter's brittle ware is broke.

Be wise now therefore O ye kings!
Judges of earth instruction hear!
Rejoice before the Lord, but still,
Forget not in your mirth to fear.

Kiss ye the Son, lest he be wroth,
And lest ye perish from the way,
If once his anger burn at all:
Blessed are all that in him stay!

O Happiness where is thy dwelling?

With the child in the spring of the year?
when each hour some sweet story is telling,
And there is no place but here.

On a carpet of flowers he reposes.

Nor ever anticipates night;
For the apple-tree 's hanging with roses,
And life is delight.

Or dwell'st thou with yon little maiden
whose eyes beam with pleasure and love?
While the flowers all around her are spreading,
And the azure above.

In her garden by humming-birds haunted
Her life seems a happy surprise,
And her bower seems a castle enchanted,
And heaven in her eyes

Or dwell'st thou with Folly and Fashion?

In the region of Laughter, and Song
When life is a whirlwind of passion,
And the days seem not long.

With the Youth in yon parlour day-dreaming
With the Lady that stands by her glass?
When the future with brightness is beaming
And they sigh— but it is not—Alas!

With the scholar who strives to achieve all
The wonders which science hath brought
By the knowledge of good, and of evil
From the archives of thought?

Doest thou visit the bard in his sadness, ?
When love, and delight come along

In a vision of glory and gladness,
With the voices of Song.

When the Muse hath some favour extended,
And care lost its power to annoy,
And evil by good is transcended,
And sorrow by joy.

Or does Happiness dwell with the banker —
With the man of commercial emprise:
While gold, that becomes oft a canker,
Has charms in his eyes.
While men of each climate, and calling
Brings him tribute from sea, and from land;
And money, that answereth all things
Is at his command.
While he looks o'er his meadows, and forests
As he sits in his mansion of stone,
And Power is within easy purchase,
And wealth is his own.

Or is Happiness found with the warrior,
Whose glory is other men's shame,
To whom stains of blood is no barrier
To honor, and fame.
For not with such pleasure the farmer
Looks over his harvested grain;
As the crested and shining in armour
O'er his harvests of slain.
While around in confusion are lying
On the field where the battle hath sped,
The heaps of the dead, and the dying,
Where the martyrs of Satan have bled.
Oh leave him whose glory disgraces

To gloat o'er his carnage awhile,
And illumine some sad, sick'y faces

With the light of thy smile
And, not to the prosperous only,

Oh Happiness! favours impart
But visit the outcast— the lonely—

Thou desire of all hearts!

Where the broad, spotted moon hath arsen,

Enlight'ning yon shadowy slope,

Look in through the bars of yon prison,

With thy twin sister Hope,

How near is his glad liberation.

Let yon lonely prisoner see,

And walk in glad anticipation

The fields with the free

And though the cold world disappoveth—

What cares he— his arms shall embrace

And the tears of the one that still loveth

Shall moisten his face.

But O happiness! though thou to many

Impartest occasional cheer,

'Tis but tarnsient. Thou dwell'et not with any—

Thy home is not here.

EVENING THOUGHT.

Once more the garish day is done,
Behind yon hill hath sunk the sun,
The sober ev'ning is begun.

From cities with their din and jar,
From strife, debate, and wordy war;
From revelry, and tumults — far

The "voices of the night" I hear:
Though distant objects disappear,
And nought is seen but what is near.

Except the moon, which broad, and dim
Just touches with her "nether limb"
Yon distant mountain's shadowy brim.

On wings as crooked as a scythe
Like time the night-hawk past me flies,
And great, gray owl with ghostly eyes.
Soft sigh the winds; but scarcely fret
The leaves, by dews of evening wet,
Too young, and soft to rustle yet.

Sweet is the music of the bogs;
From reedy pools and mossy logs;
No matter if from newts or frogs.
For discords wild of cheep, and croak,
That music's rule's might seem to mock,
The Sweetest harmony evoke.

The wounded heart that yearns for calm
In Nature sympathetic psalm
Oft finds for grief a heavenly balm.
But what the troubled wretch can heal?
That's tossed about till o'er him steal
A quiet that he shall not feel.

Then what is wealth or pleasure worth?
Yea what are all the joys of Earth!
Though bright eyes beam with love and mirth
,Tis nought to him whose day is done
Though stars their idle circles run,
And dance a waltz around the sun.

We know we should be dutiful,
Yet do not always mind it;
But always love the beautiful,
No matter where we find it :

The self-denying virtuous mind
We cannot but approve;
Yet oft in erring souls we find
There 's something that we love.

AN ADDRESS.

TO AN UNCOMMONLY BEAUTIFUL PEAR

O loveliest daughter of the gay partere,
Among the beautiful so passing fair—
Sweet flower of dreamland! whence didst thou come here?

Arrayed in colours of the morning skies,
More fair than aught that Fancy can devise,—
Flower of the opium-eater's paradise!

Say, by some spirit hand hast thou been sown?
That in such marvellous beauty thou hast grown—
A tenderness of beauty all thine own.

Sweet flower! by what strange magic thou hast brought
Along the link'd, electric chain of thought—
Joys that can ne'er return, nor be forgot.

In the dim vista of the past appear
Islands of bliss in a salt sea of tears,—
Oases in a waste of perished years.

TO THE KENEDECASES RIVER.

In every clime, in every age;
 The burn, the stream, the river
 Has sweetly run in classic page,
 And will glide on forever

The Rhone, the Tiber, Thames, an Tay
 Glide sweet in classic sang;
 An Burns's burns as sweetly rows,
 The daisied knowes amang.

But here is ane, unknown to sang,
 Wi monie a bonie lake,
 That trails the grassy meads amang,
 Like some great shinin snake.

Fair Kene——! thou's a bonie stream:
 I'd sing thy fame wi pleasure;
 But wha could set thy barbarous name
 To onie classic measure.

A wymer's curse be on his scalp—
 Whaever was to blame;
 The wile, tough-luged, red-skin'd whalp!
 That gied thee sic a name.

But thou's a bonie stream for a,
 So here is to thy praise:
 There's naething in a name ava;
 As Romeo's Juliet says.

'Tis said, the man that 's slow to wrath
Is stronger than the mighty;
So calmly on thou keep'st thy path,
Though brawlin brooks incite thee.

When gurlie wins drive great, wat cluds
Along the lift fu stormy:
When burn impatient, loup ower lins,
An muddy spates deform thee.

When, white wi faem, the burnies spout
Frae monie a bosky thicket,
Wi din, an bussle bickerin out;
Like sheep out o a wicket.

Thou calmly spaeads ower marsh, an meads,
Along thy bank's meander,
Till like a vera sea thou rows
In a thy quiet grandure.

Clear be thy waters! smooth thy bed!
Thy meadows white wi bill's-een,
An ne'er, thy wand'rin fish to head,
Be either dams, or mill seen!

An while thy gently heaving breast
Reflects thy banks sae hilly,
Wi monie an azure fleur-de-luce,
An monie a snawy lilly:
The loon's wild cry o swell, an shake
Waft frae his wavy pillow.

While on thy bosom pleasure boats
Wi gracefu motion sail,

And in thy crystal waters float
The fish wi shinin scales.

There swim the shad, an crookit eel,
An there the lordly sawmon,

An there be rowth o brant, an teal—
O geese, an ducks, an a man,

An on thy fertile howms, a round,
What ither walth surpasses,

A race o manly lads be found,
An blithe, leal-hearted lasses!

An may the farmer's heart rejoice,
Owre fields he lang has wrought in
To hear the welcome rustlin noise
O corn, in yellow autumn.

Now gentle river clear an strong!
Be thou my kind adviser,
An as thou hast inspired my song;
Instruct me to be wiser.

Like human life thou glidest alas!
Wi never ceasing motion,
An hast an awefu gulf to pass
Before thou join't the ocean.

Unfolded Page

307

— THE BOSTON HERALD.

— " 'Tis nor unjust nor mean
To seize the proper time for honest spleen.
An open candid foe I could not hate,
Nor even insult the base in humbled state ;
But thriving malice tamely to forgive —
'Tis somewhat late to be so primitive .

The squeamish mob may find my verses bare
Of every grace — but curse me if I care ."

ARMSTRONG

LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN .

'Tis strange to hear,
How different things to different men appear —
How right with wrong — how truth with error mix !
What different boundaries different men will fix !
Thus meeting currents mix, and with them bring
Th' impure bog water and the living spring . —
Thus in the twilight's dim, delightful hours,
When bats flit out, and howlets leave their bowers —
The day 's not ended, till the night 's begun,
And light and darkness mingle into one :
Define the difference with what care you may, —
One says 'tis night — and one asserts 'tis day .

In the last days, as ancient Prophets write,
A time shall come that 's neither day, nor night.
And wanderers, o'er the world, from west to east,
Run to and fro, and knowledge be increased :

But evil men who act from wicked will,
Unchanged by knowledge shall be wicked still.

That time has come, and old opinions tried
By some new test are being thrown aside;
Philosophy has little to propound,
The pulpit utters an uncertain sound,
And we are left to guess, and to surmise,
And know not what is truth, or what are lies.
We seem to stand upon the wreck of time
Surrounded by a seething sea of crime,
And know not if this dawning, doubtful light,
May end in day; or deepen into night.
We fear — but know not what may next betide,
And welcome any one that seems a guide;
And here they come to put us on the road —
The paper boys,— the press gang are abroad!
Pronounced by boyish voices, shrill and clear
"The morning Herald," everywhere you hear:
For two poor cents, the precious sheet you buy,
And what a world of wonders meet the eye!

O precious Herald! what strange news I trace,
Murders, and horrors, in your spotted face!
What devil's doings, and what works of grace!
The moral lights.— The monsters of the age.
Moody and Sankey.— Pomroy and Lapage.
I long to see your hell-broth "boil and bubble,"
Your imps dance round, and sing of "toil and trouble:"
Each printer's office may one devil claim;
But ye have many — legion is their name,

As, o'er this moral wilderness, you range,
 Tell of strange women, and of men more strange;
 Tell us of Beecher, if he preach, or rest,
 On the Twin Mountains, or some woman's breast;
 Tell us of all the oppressions which are done,
 Or at Fall River,— or beneath the sun,—
 Of rebel weavers — weddings in high life —
 Where some rich bride, becomes a rich man's wife;
 With all the pageantry, that wealth can claim,
 And "trusting Providence," assumes a name,
 Which Slander may not blight, with poisonous breath;
 And, — wail of workers, slowly starved to death!
 Who sign away their rights; then grieving stand,
 And say with Cranmer — "this unworthy hand."

Of rings and forgeries, houses to be sold,
 And how to turn the rich man's rags to gold,
 "Of honest money" — "something that is sure" —
 With all the juggleries that cheat the poor.
 Tell us of all, — no matter, truth or lies, —
 And advertise, ye gents, — O advertise! —

Revival meetings! in the halls, or camps —
 And "Teeth," and "Hair," and "Dogs" to worry tramps,
 Swords, and traumatics, — antidote and bane, —
 Magnetic women, — and repulsive men, —
 The hand that heals us, and the arms which kill:
 And every sort of male, and female pill: —
 Tell us the whole dear Herald, — tell us all
 About the sorts of poxes, — great and small!
 The general symptom — the particular case,
 Nor o'er let virtue's color tinge thy face

Let B—dale, and his friend their wit employ,
 And crack their jests o'er some poor girl, or boy,
 Till better game be found:— but now for sport!
 A HE street-walker, drags a SHE to court;
 He caught her in the very act of ill,
 And proud as turkey cock struts to the Mill:
 Reporters now 's your time! let ear and sight
 Be wide awake,— ye ready writers write—
 And show yourselves adepts in that fine art,
 Of adding sorrow to a broken heart.—

O for a pencil like Landseer's! to draw
 His Honor seated laying down the law,
 And all the mockery of a court,— in which
 A pack of bull-dogs! worry one poor b—ch,
 She has no friends — ye're safe to call her wh—e;
 For Black Maria's waiting at the door.
 Let all her misery, all her crimes be told,
 Because, forsooth, she 's ugly, poor, and old;
 But 'twixt ourselves dear Herald let me say,
 That dogs as well as b—ches have their day,
 And that which moves thy most malignant sneer,
 Thy mother did, or thou hadst not been here.
 Yes, modern Pharisees, I see ye grin,
 And bless yourselves, because ye have no sin:
 Thank God, while feering at the prisoner's den,
 Ye're not like publicans, or other men,—
 Or yon poor outcast — seen behind the bars,
 And if ye have no God — ye thank your stars.
 Yes, doubtless, ye are righteous, pure, and just!
 And pander not to avarice, and lust:

Nor ever naughty things, or write, or say,
Nor lying advertisements print for pay :—
But ere you advertise for girls — Oh think !
Ye wretched prostitutes ! of pen and ink,
What crowds, on crowds, are brought by you afresh,
To fill this horrid mart of human flesh .

He 's not a man, even though of woman born,
Who holds a friendless woman up to scorn,
Because he sees that his unmanly jests,
Please obscene fools, and gives his paper zest .
While Mr. Nugator sucks his cigar,
And reads his paper riding in the car,
And rubs his fingers as he had the itch,
And laughs with glee, and cries, "O aint that ick !"
But to depict more clear, how matters go,
Let one example, one of many show
How advertising, used by reckless hands,
Does but a very curse that blights the land
Th' extortioner's hand it strengthens :— he
Procures, and procured ply their trade .
The advertiser, with his false pen,
Waits but for work — the vessel of their sin —
Print what you may — a host of sinners —
Belial begets, — the paper man can sin —
Joined in one purpose, only give them time
And they 'll bring forth the full developed crime .
Say not that this, or that 's, the more unjust :
Their motive differ slightly — gain or lust .
But patience friends — I'll try to tell a tale
To illustrate this, and if I fail, I fail .

Once on Acadia's shore where billows boom,
 Where tidal waves are high at lunar noon,
 And round the indenting capes, and headlands roll;
 Where, herrings glitter to the moon in shoals;
 Where, o'er the restless water rudely frown
 The rugged, rocky cliffs of Blomidon.
 There lived a lass, of face, and form complete,
 Sweet as a rose — for every girl is sweet.
 Her father was a fisher on the seas:
 A native of the stormy Hebrides;
 Though 'twas his lot for bread, and fish to rove,
 He was a man a daughter well might love;
 His countenance was open — manly, brave,
 His head was hoary; like the crested wave:
 He was, in sooth, a very king of men,
 And had a poet's heart, if not his pen:
 And having said so much, — I need not tell,
 That Donald Moran loved his Magdalen well.
 Their love was mutual, and had long been tried,
 For long ago had Magdalen's mother died,
 And left her Donald, with their charge alone,
 A sacred charge — a Magdalen and a John.
 John loved the flapping sail, and freshening breeze,
 And went a sailor boy to eastern seas:
 And Donald, though he missed his much loved lad,
 Still, followed with hired help the fisher's trade.
 And Magdalen, blithe as lass could wish to be,
 Sang, while she kept the cottage by the sea;
 And, as the changing seasons sped along,
 Read, with enthusiast zeal, romance, and song;

The poet's vision loved, but failed to find
 A living human lover to her mind:
 Yet welcome at each rustic feast, or ball,
 She was the Queen of hearts, beloved by all;
 Where'er she went — talk had a merry sound,
 She spread a sympathetic gladness round,
 Her visits often brought the sad relief,
 Her presence seemed an antidote for grief.
 When neighbors met to have a merry time,
 Nor counted laughter sin, or mirth a crime;
 If some one entered voiced like a bagpiper,
 With visage contoured like the waning moon,
 And told of ills to come upon the land,
 Or pestilence, or famine near at hand,
 Or told of some ship's crew by pirates slain,
 Or Ghost seen wandering in the haunted lane,
 Or human body walking in its shroud!
 Or phantom ship seen in some watery cloud!
 Or told of fearful sounds, or horrid sights
 Which made each countenance grim, like yellow light:
 Her cheerful, beaming eyes, dispelled the gloom,
 And lightened, like a Drummond's lamp, the room.
 On scenes like these 'twere pleasant long to dwell,
 Of rustic sports, and rural pleasures tell;
 Where Nature's hands, her priceless gifts bestow,
 Far from the city's splendid vice, and woe,
 Where toiling men, condemned by adverse Fate,
 Fill the plethoric purses of the great,
 And women earn a temporary dower,
 By letting out their persons, by the hour.

Where lawyers lie for pay, and at the poles
Men sell their votes— and candidates their souls:

But to proceed,— One hazy autumn day,
See! Moran's little boat rock in the bay.—
He stands upon the deck, and takes a view,
With two tried comrades — both good men, and true,
Along the horizon's brim their eyes they run,
Where gauzy clouds bedim the rising sun,
And seem in doubt to hoist, or furl the sail:
As somewhat fearful of the fitful gale:

But wait not long — they soon make up their mind,
And trust their little vessel to the wind:
And Magdalen walks upon the pebbly strand,
And waves goodbye, with kerchief in her hand,
And watches till the sails appear to swim,
Like sherds of clouds upon the ocean's brim,
And still she watches, till they disappear;
Unconscious that her eyes are dimmed with tears.
A strange prophetic sorrow fills her mind,
That bodes disaster near,— though undefined:
Again she looks, waked from her reverie —
But all have sunk beneath the convex sea.

What ails thee girl? Why dost thou linger here?
There is no cause for sadness, grief, or fear —
For Nature dons her robes of loveliest light,
And all around is beautiful, and bright;
See! by thy path the feathery golden-rod —
See! by thy door the sleepy poppies nod —
See! yonder tall, important looking flower,
That seems the sentinel of its little bower

Hath not withdrawn his gaze since day begun,
But out of countenance stares the yellow sun,
And children shout to thee in childish glee —
Why linger by the lonely, awful sea!

Awhile in prayerful attitude she stands,
Commits her friends to His Almighty hand,
Whose providence the wandering sailors keeps,
While doing business on the mighty deep;
Then hies her home, and opens the lowly door,
A spot of sunlight sleeps upon the floor.
And near the little fire, upon the mat,
The guardian of the house — a spotted cat.
Her household cares are summarily dismissed,
She takes her favourite Coleridge from the chest,
Tries to compose herself as well 's she may,
And soon is lost in his weird, wondrous lay.

The sun now shone from his meridian height,
The centre of a ring of hazy light —
Befogged himself, and all around distressed,
He hurries to his home in the far west —
As hostile elements in war engage —
The curtain drops before he leaves the stage:
For scarcely had the sun the zenith past,
When — suddenly the sky is overcast —
The wind, that lately whispered, — now is high,
And has a whistle like the sea-gull's cry —
Far out at Ocean, — o'er yon stormy Cape,
The clouds assume fantastic, fearful shapes,
Like great sea monsters! from the waters rise,
And chase each other o'er the troubled skies.

While in loud crashing peals the thunder broke,
And foamy surges dashed against the rocks;
And Magdalen trembles at the tempest's sweep,
As night, and darkness settles on the Deep;
And thinks on that tremendous sea afloat
Is her dear Father in his little boat.
All night she listened paralyzed with fear,
The many voices of the Deep to hear —
At dawn of morn she hurries to the Beach
Anxious to know — what Time too soon will teach;
Looks o'er the misty waters — but to see
Great, crested, rolling waves, where clouds might be:
Fragments of wreck were strewn along the shore,
But fisher, or his vessel came no more.

Thus have ye seen in sunny, sheltered nook,
Wild lilies grow beside a mountain brook;
Have marked their silent progress, hour by hour,
From swelling bud to lovely, full-blown flower:
Their habits, and their habit ye knew,
And watched the lovely lilies — how they grew —
When suddenly there sweeps across the plain
The gusty tempest, and the driving rain!
Again ye seek the lilies lonely spot —
Ye seek the lilies, but ye find them not —
They are not there — not where ye saw them last,
Their leaves were strewn upon the stormy blast.
Thus by the sounding shore, or quiet dell,
Oft rural worth, and pure affection dwell;
Where just enough of bliss on earth is given,
To show the possibility of heaven —

When desolation comes in evil day,
And sweeps the earthly paradise away!
Thus fell the "Fisher's Home" by one rude blast,
And Magdalen's sunny sky was overcast.

Poor Magdalen! stretched upon the cruel rack
'Twixt hope, and fear — Her father comes not back:
The agony of that prolonged suspense,
As, turns the wheel of time, becomes intense.
Fear takes the place of hope, and grief of fear,
As pass the days, the weeks, the months, the year:
Until this dreaded truth is all too plain —
That he hath perished in the stormy main!
This truth, if known at first, her heart had broke,
As glass is shattered by a sudden stroke;
But if you roast it in the torturing fire,
It takes whatever form you may desire.

Now sad and 'erie' at her little home,
In which she stays, dejected, and alone —
The wind-waved trees like human voices sound,
Their shadows seem like phantoms wandering round;
Until she longs to lose in other scenes,
Distracting thoughts that seem like waking dreams;
And knows, and feels how vain it is to mourn
For one so dear who never can return.

The neighbors were as kind as well might be.
And often called the lonely girl to see,
And often brought what sympathy imparts,
Some free-will offering of a loving heart.
At length a neighbor woman calls and brings
A "Boston Herald" round a pack of things.



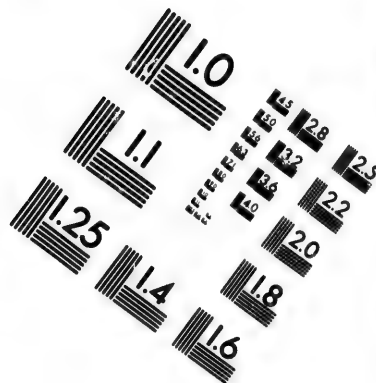
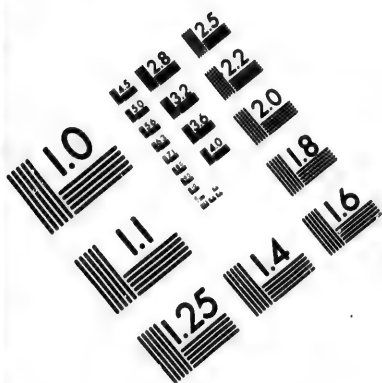
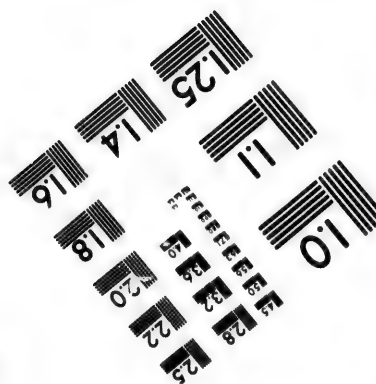
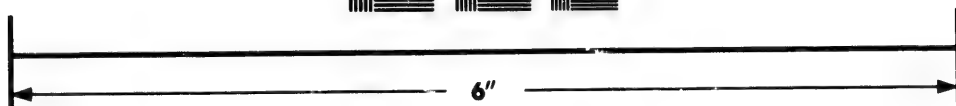
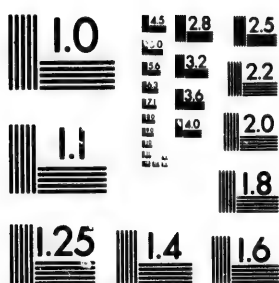


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

18
20
22
25
28
32
36
40

10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17

And stops to while away the weary day,
And kindly whispers hope, and goes away ;
Then Magdalen turns to take another look
At her friend's gift, a ribbon, and a book,
Lays past the little gift with grateful sigh ,
Then at the wrapping paper casts her eye,
Reads as the wrinkled paper she unfurls —
"Wanted five hundred Nova Scotia girls!"
And she is one — at length she thinks she'll go,
Shake off if possible corroding woe ;
Tis not her nature to repine and sigh,
And sudden impulse prompts to do, or die
She 's none t' advise her — so appeals to lot,
The answer is, — Sail in to-morrow's boat ;
So she resolves at length to try her fate
She takes her passage, for she takes the bait,
And to the steamboat office wends her way —
Five hundred girls are not found ev'ry day .
An hour or two she with her neighbors spends ;
Commits her little house to faithful friends,
Then leaves with beating heart her cottage door,
Her home behind her, and the world before ; —
And feels that after months of mental pain,
She is an orphan ; but herself again .

With eatables her little satchel stored,
She finds the steamboat wharf, and steps aboard .
Loud sounds the gong, — and very soon afloat
See ! dashing through the waves the gallant boat,
And men, and women, heedless where they go,
Without a purpose hurrying to and fro ;

"THE BOSTON HERALD."

Some sitting lone— some humming pensive air—
" Mute or conversing, single, or in pairs—
Like Milton's Devils— some are roundly
Collect, like steely dust round magnets placed,
Till magnetised themselves; then fly away
And find affinities where'er they may.
Soon Magdalen finds a friend she learns to prize,
A gentle orphan girl with soft blue eyes;
And groups of girls she finds— resolved to try
If possible, the needed girls t' supply,
And all alike the victims of a lie.

Now let us leave our heroine on the deep,
To sit with new found friends, and talk, or sleep,
And forward fly in space, though back in time;
For there are wings as well as feet to rhyme.
Fly to the town of churches, and of schools,
Where men are either women, knaves, or fools!—
That famous city oft surnamed the Hub,
Where boys are licked to shape like she-bear's cubs;
And in that street, named for the cherry boy
Who could'nt lie! but men, and trees destroy!
You find a store where ladies often call,
Who deal in female wigs, and waterfalls—
There stuck on plaster pates, and hung on strings;
You see all sorts of curls, and hairy things—
Like Churchill's webs of more than common size,
Spread not for bunniers but for buzzy flies;
Here the proprietor in confab sits
With partner late returned, who seems a wit;

Who has been out to enjoy the country air,
And if not wise, like Daniel, fresh and fair:
And, not to indulge in any heathen whim,
I'll give them christian names — say, Tom and Jim.
"Well Tom, I hope you've had a jolly time,
Though pleasure now is almost deemed a crime:
Time was one might awhile his business shirk —
Now competition leaves no choice but work.
The trouble is we can't want female help,
Nor lick a girl as though she were a whelp.
Goods are not safe with them upon the shelves;
They seem intent alone, to help themselves.
They will not work unless they get their pay,—
And if you scold them — why, they'll run away!
And flirt about the streets."

"Well let them flirt,
I know a trick will make them cheap as dirt,"
Said Tom, — "for Nova Scotia girls we'll advertise;
Let's have a choice of temper, shape, and size."
Jim thought a little — "I suppose we might;
But we want only three — would this be right?"
"Of course it would be right!" his friend replies
"The life of business is to advertise."

Now let us leave Tom polishing his beard,
Nor brand a wretch whose conscience has been scared;
Nor tell him some stern truths he may not know:
But with them to the paper office go.
They call, and wait,— the paper man appears
Absorbed in business over head and ears;
At length he blandly asks them what they want
With look that means — your business, or avaunt!

Tom says, "We deal in switches, and in curls —
We want five hundred Nova Scotia girls:
Print if you can in th' issue of to-day
This advertisement, Sir, and here 's your pay."

We'll leave them now i' their cunning to exult,
And watch, and chronicle the sad result.
The net 's been spread a week, — but yet there 's none
Been caught as yet — When — Lo they come! they come!
They crowd the offices — They throng the streets —
A wandering girl in every lane you meet —
There stands a girl in every vacant nook,
There is a girl wherever you can look!
We know not whence they come, or whither go, —
Know not their fate — and almost fear to know;
Nor good, nor ill of them can we aver —
But here 's our Magdalen — let us follow her;
She walks with steady step, though beating heart —
The "Piece" is new; but she can play her part.
A vail of sadness o'er her face is cast;
In which you see grief overcome — not past.
Beside th' aforesaid hair-store see her stand,
The employment Agent's paper in her hand;
A perfect woman-form with glorious eyes!
For some rich libertine — Oh what a prize!
While self-absorbed amidst the press, and noise,
She looks a moment at the hairy toys,
And sees those wonderous words emblazoned there!
And reads — GREAT SACRIFICE OF HUMAN HAIR !!
Then steps into the store — with head inclined
Before the counter stands, — and Tom behind.

Tom first breaks silence, with obsequious bow,
Says "Madam, please, can I do ought for you?"

"I seek employment Sir, I understand
That you have advertised for female hands,
Employment Agent C. gave me your name—
I saw your advertisement, and I came."

"We did, but bless you, we have sent away
Some twenty girls that wanted work to-day!
I'd like to hire but scarce know what to say."

A moment, Magdalen waits — she does not know
What next is best to do, or where to go, —
That moment Tom improves her form to scan,
In such a way as woman fancier can.
She looks — How mean he feels in his disguise!
As she turns on him her calm, thoughtful eyes.
'Tis not a bunch of crinoline, and lace —
A pretty living thing, with painted face —
But one, who while she may entreat, commands,
A woman — not a lady! by him stands.

Tom thinks he'll hire, — but wants it understood
He does n't need — but wants to do her good.
She turns to leave — Tom anxious to detain,
Begins to talk, to question and explain.

"You've tried the employment Agents? can't they find
A place for you that's suited to your mind?"

"I've tried them," Magdalen said, "nor need repeat
Th' experiment to know they're all a cheat."
They seem to think us wandering girls their prey, —
Flatter with hopes of work to get their pay,
And know they flatter us, but to betray."

"Girls wanted at this office," they advertise,
And fabricate a web of wilful lies;
Then like the villain spider watching there,
They catch th' incautious victim in their snare."

Quoth Tom "I know the times are hard just now,
And business decent pay will scarce allow;
But if you choose to try a month or two,
And if you like the trade, and we like you,
We'll give a chance, and raise your wages too:
And that 's about the best that we can do."

As Magdalen knows she can't well longer wait,
And has no means to make her terms with Fate,
"I'll take your offer, Sir," she says, "and soon
I shall be here, most like to-morrow noon."

Now let us not events to come forecast,
But call again when some few months have past,
And see her sitting in her little room,
Where sloping sunbeams dissipate the gloom;
And on the table there, beneath her hand,
You see the artificial flowers expand;
And locks, that once adorned some living brow,
Wreathed, by her fingers, seem e'en lovely now.

No : when the usual hours of work were o'er,
When Magdalen wrought with others at the store,
In her small room she often plied her trade,
And lived in loneliness, and wrought, and read:
A simple girl she was, unlike the rest
With whom she lived, and often made their jest:
In store or attic, where'er she might be
'Twas Magdalen still — who lived beside the sea —

A tiny musk plant by the window hung,
And living roses to the casement clung,
And wreaths of flowers which seemed by fairies brought;
Or like Kilmeny's, from the land of thought —
Some books and things are ranged along the shelf,
But the chief interest centres in herself.

Deprived of one from early childhood dear,
She seemed attached to every object near;
Her wistful look seemed everywhere to rove,
As if in search of something she might love;
Then with a glance that took one by surprise,
Would turn on you her great magnetic eyes,
With look that sympathetic grief could bring,
Though beauteous as yon showery cloud of spring,
Which seems an airy castle drawing nigh
And just a little bluer than the sky;
And tells of fresh green fields, and leafy bowers,
And songs of birds and pretty, fragrant flowers;
But yet ye know that latent lightnings there,
May flash upon you ere you are aware!

Now Tom oft noticed 'mong his band of girls
This pretty manufacturess of curls:
Who all unconsciously, from hour to hour,
O'er her employer gained a certain power;
For though a villain on the cheapest plan,
Tom, had some instincts which belong to man. —
If Magdalen met him in the corridor,
Or as might chance, in business at the store,
And seemed retiring, reticent, or shy,
He'd treat her as a lady come to buy,

"THE BOSTON HERALD."

With courteous smile and bow and bland reply,
And feeling happy,— thought not,— cared not why.
At length in evening's gray, convenient gloom,
On some pretence he called at Magdalen's room;
Learned, what ostensibly, he called to know,
But lingered still, nor seemed in haste to go;
And talked like one who was not quite at ease,
And only talked with an intent to please:
In earnest little said, but much in jest,
And talked like one who tried to talk his best:
And Magdalen watched him with attentive eye,
Seemed pleased to listen and in turn reply;
Till words came from the lips which reached the heart,
And both seemed pleased, and both seemed loath to part:
At length Tom said "'Tis time that I should leave,
I've spent, but seldom, a more pleasant eve;
But though I may not longer now remain,
If you'll permit me, I will call again."
"You shall be welcome," Magdalen said;

"'Tis sweet,

With any friend thus socially to meet;
For few have had much interest in me
Since Father perished in the stormy sea;
I know few friends, and am by fewer known,
And 'tis by perference that I live alone;
But though much company I'd rather shun,
There is no reason I should be a nun."

Encouraged thus, Tom called, and called again;
Would come at early eve, and long remain,
Till he forgot the ebbing tide of time,—
Forgot that trifling is akin to crime.—

Forgot the social difference of their lot —
And much the wise remember — "Don't forget!"
Forgot the theatre — Forgot the ball —
Forgot Miss Croesus, marble block, and all!
Forgot his fav'rite scheme of marrying wealth —
And loved the lonely girl despite himself.
But though an heir of wealth to be possessed,
Insatiate avarice would not let him rest;
For making money was to him as food —
The root of evil — was his greatest good;
And in his thoughts of business, or a wife,
This was the ruling passion of his life.
To him those maxims thrifty men have prized
Seemed Wisdom's self condensed and crystallized,
Till all the doctrines worldly wisemen teach
Were woven in the fabric of his speech:
What wise old king, or wise old printer says
In ancient times, or in more modern days;
And now he'd quote from Solomon, and now
Refer to Franklin's simile of the sow:
As — "Wine" he'd say "may mirth and laughter bring,
But money buyeth every pleasant thing."
"Yet do not buy your whistle, if too dear,"
But mind, "A pin a day's a groat a year."
He is a fool who at his lot repines —
"He's wise who makes his hay when the sun shines."
"I tell you, friends" he'd say, "life is a game;
And if we're losers, we've ourselves to blame:
To lose is easy; but to win is hard —
Yes, life's a game, and marriage the trump card.
So mind your hand! don't cast a trick away!
But catch a Queen of diamonds, if you play."

Trust not to worth for office or for place,
'Tis not on worth men now bestow their grace;
Take my advice, get money if you can,
Then buy your way to office like a man!"

But now Tom's partner has returned from Rome
To see how business has progressed at home;
He'd been at places some folks call remote,
And set his boot on many a classic spot.—
Was at the farm where Virgil used to stay,
And walked the celebrated "Appian Way;"
Had been at *Ætna* — walked the crater round,
And heard a fearful grumbling under ground,
Like what was heard on that eventful day
When Butler passed the bill for the back pay —
Seen where Diogenes dwelt in a tub,
And now returns to business and the Hub.
He'd been five months and some odd weeks away,
Which was, for him, a somewhat lengthy stay —
Received a welcome to the temperance vat —
Deemed, by his brethren a most worthy man;
Who hated levity, detested rum,
Had treasure in this life and that to come —
Who ne'er in folly's path was known to stray,
But strutted stiffly up the narrow way.

As business now demands his primal care,
He seeks his office, finds his ledger there,
And o'er its pages runs his practiced sight,
Well pleased to find the balances 'all right';
Well pleased the purchases, and sales to scan,
He thinks, his partner is a clever man —

Wently, it favoured, by auspicious fate,
To gain Miss Cæsus' hand, and an estate.
This lady Tom has prospected for a wife,
To enjoy or to endure his wedded life;
For she had money both to keep, and lend,
And was an heiress and his partner's friend.
Jim thought if Tom would woo he'd wed at length,
And wisely judged, "In union there is strength;"
And so resolved his partner's moves to watch
And, if he could, facilitate the match.

Now there was one employed to oversee
Who'd interest in the firm as well as he,
(A female foreman, if such thing can be,)
Who noticed lately some disturbing force
Had drawn our hero from his normal course:
Casting his horoscope saw with regret,—
Mercury, and Venus in conjunction met—
The aspect liked not, and began to fear
Tom's aberrations from his normal sphere
Might, not like mountains only bare a mouse,
But bring some big disaster, on the house:—
As Tom who went to parties near and far,
Now shone less frequent as an Evening Star,
She judged this occultation had a cause
Which must depend upon attraction's laws.
And rightly calculated—Magdalen was—
And Jim informed, who scarce at first believed,
And when convinced at length, was vexed, was grieved,
And in the matter, scarcely knew to move:
For both agreed it was a dangerous love—

Agreed Tom must be wakened from this dream,
 Or else, good bye the Cræsus marriage scheme.
 The overseeress first proposed a plan,
 (For woman's wit outruns the wit of man,
 His pond'rous engines oft he can't command
 But her light arms are always found on hand,)
 Said she "This love of Tom's is scarce a crime,
 And needs no cure like fever fit but time:
 Tom's pleased to see his power o'er female hearts,
 And feel the excitement passion can impart;
 But he's too wise a lady's hand to miss
 And lose an heiress for a waif like this:
 But meantime difficulties may arise,
 Tom may perchance be watched by jealous eyes
 That easily penetrate love's thin disguise:—
 So we must use our utmost caution here
 Lest we precipitate the event we fear.—
 Let's look a moment how these loves begin
 From which proceed such deeds of shame and sin;
 A man and woman, in the car or street
 Meet first by chance, and then of purpose meet,
 Till passion has attained to welding heat:
 Now if to separate them you rashly go—
 You strike them — and they're welded by the blow;
 But if you wait till either party's cooled,
 Or make the woman think that she's befooled —
 They will remain dissevered in your spite —
 Though pressed together — they will not unite.
 If you discharge the girl Tom wont approve —
 "Pity" says Dryden "melts the mind to love;"

While by the hands you'll secretly be curst,
And the last end be worse than was the first,
I therefore counsel,— at an early day,
From six to eight, you in the office stay,
And freely talk with Tom and lead him on,
And I'll keep Magdalen, when the girls are gone,
'To stay in the next room on some pretence —
We may accomplish much at small expense .
She loves Tom for the attentions he has paid.
But only loves him in his masquerade:
Could we but turn her idol inside out
She'd hate the man she thinks so much about."

The plan 's agreed on now,— the plot is laid —
The time is fixed, and all arrangements made —
Actors and actress now are at their post —
The play to be performed, "Love's labour lost,"
Each acts a part, not yet to him revealed —
Behind a screen the promptress sits concealed,
You see two men in a small office sit,
While in the adjacent room a woman knits .—
The men seem not aware a listener 's near
And freely talk as there was none to hear —
You hear Tom say, "I think you must confess
That I have made the business a success ."

"Tis true you have," says Jim, " but likewise true,
I hear some rather strange reports of you ;
'Tis said you often visit in disguise
One of our girls! Tom this is most unwise ;
'Tis said, when night has spread a vail of gloom,
You often stay till midnight at her room —

Now this is worse than folly in the extreme,
 'Tis madness to indulge in such a whim;
 You must be prompted, or by love, or lust:
 If love, how can you trifle with such trust!
 Even if you think that you have found a pearl,
 You do not mean to wed this beggar girl!
 If lust, 'tis worse, 'tis infinitely worse!
 This is the curse of youth — of age the curse!
 For which men lose both character and place,
 And pay their money for their own disgrace;
 And sink, and sink, and sink until they come
 To seek enjoyment at the vilest slum."

Tom feels the truth of what his friend has said,
 And does not like, himself, the bed he's made;
 Would like the matter were no further pressed,
 And tries to turn th' affair into a jest,
 And says, "I grant there's truth in your remark;
 Although I think you paint it rather dark;
 But grant, I've called, and stayed as you aver,
 To amuse myself; not that I cared for her;
 But if I did, and I admit it all;
 It was no worse and cheaper than a ball —
 Morality as well may take its chance
 With one — as many women in the dance."

His friend replies, "You treat it as a joke
 But will Miss Cæsus of the marble block?
 Besides, my friend, you may get in a scrape: —
 These slender dancels sometimes change their shape!
 Be cautious! lest she may appeal to law;
 For purring pussies often show their claws —

Now take advice and think on what I say!
Or you may have to marry, run, or pay."

This struck with more effect than all beside
The key-note of Tom's avarice, and pride:
He turned defiant on his friend, and fate—
His love for Magdalen was transformed to hate:
With sternness almost scorn, his friend he eyed,
And in a bitter sarcasm replied.

"If so it happen, and there is a chance—
A man must pay the piper if he dance;
I'm in a fix — I can't well run away —
That scarce will do, and curse me! if I pay.
I have a thriving business, and some stock;
Of course I marry her and end the joke —
I'll wedlock try awhile — and at the worst
'Tis no great matter — I can get divorced."

Here Magdalen rose, and cast her work aside,
Nor such masked battery longer could abide;
From love's endearing debt she felt exempt,
And all her passions merged in one — Contempt:
She sees her idol stripped of his disguise
Become a thing of loathing in her eyes.

But Oh how drear life's pleasant places seem
To one just waked from love's delightful dream:
Has one proved false in whom she put her trust!
Will others be less cruel, or unjust?
Why wish in such a world to live and move,
With no one loving her and none to love?
Oh for some place where grief might find retreat —
But there's the door and all beyond 's the street,

Where homeless, outcast girls, who hide by day,
Oft walk by night and sell their love for pay.

How often pride the broken heart conceals,
And covers wounds it has no power to heal!
'Tis not a robe of righteousness — but still,
It can important offices fulfil:
Thus wraps the traveller round him, as he goes,
His mantle closer as the north-wind blows,
And feels the warmth its woolly folds supply,
And looks defiant on the scowling sky:
With feelings like the traveller's Magdalen stood
In all the dignity of womanhood,

A simple, noble girl, — and nothing more,
And like Poe's raven tapping at the door,
She stands revealed to Tom's astonished sight —
A thing of mystery from the shore of Night!

Tom views her with chagrin, almost with fear,
And don't know how the Devil! she got here:
Yet still, no doubt, 'tis Magdalen that he sees;
Though none but he, and Madam had the keys:
At length said Magdalen,

"Gentlemen I see,

This conversation was not meant for me,
You haply did not know that I was near;
I listened not — but could not choose but hear.
And this is all your fond attentions prove?
And this is what a gentleman calls love!
Who for a lady's hand would give a glove. —
Your labor now is lost — for though I found
Affection's chain about me being wound,

I thank you, your own hand has broke that chain
And never care to see your face again;
Farewell dear dangler! once again farewell!
Go buy her hand, who has no heart to sell!"

"Farewell!" said Tom "but you may WELL be told
That, you were hired to Work — not love, or scold."

So Magdalen leaves, nor calls the following day,
But takes a wretched pittance for her pay,
And through the darkness seeks her little room
And finds a kind of gladness in its gloom.

Delusive Love! in thee thy votaries find
The bane or the elixir of the mind,—

Joys fair as Sodom's apples to the sight
Which turn to smoke, and ashes when we bite.

'Tis sweet to love! 'Tis sweet to clasp the hand
Of one that loves us in a foreign land;
At first there's nothing more — at length we kiss,
And do forbidden things in search of bliss.
Thus, may a boat of pleasure seekers seem
To float with joy adown Niagara's stream:
Why should they fear down the smooth wave to float —
Some vigorous strokes can soon reverse the boat:
At length the level line appears to bend,
The sparkling fluid plain — in nothing end,
While swift, though smooth, the rushing waters glide,
And steepy rocks arise on either side,
And hurrying on, still fleetier and more fleet —
There's no escaping and there's no retreat,
With staring eyes, raised hands, and bated breath
They plunge into the fearful gulf of death.

Ye nymphs! whose love some selfish churl inspires
To be the lady's-man ye all admire,
As plastic under love's transforming power
He's moulded by the occasion and the hour,
Take warning from the "Fable of the snake,"
Nor such cold vermin to your bosoms take:
But I must tell you what that fable is;
Though when I mention snake perhaps ye'll hiss.

A traveller once upon a wintery day
Espied a frozen serpent on his way,
Ly'ng like discarded whip, or rotten string,—
An ugly, long, detested, tangled thing:
And picked it up, and put it in his breast,
And warmed, and patted it, and all the rest.—
The sequel is, the beast a snake remains,
And stings its benefactor for his pains.
And so ye'll find the human serpent will
Remain unchanged, a crooked serpent still:
Though warmed on beating breast he's still the same
And all his wriggling properties retains,
Cold to the touch, and hideous to the sight—
Beware! Beware! the "cursed" thing will bite.

But to our story, Magdalen now discharged
With means diminished but with mind enlarged,
For, though she stands upon starvations brink,
Enforced leisure gives her time to think.
She sees that, if a former mate she meet,
She's scarcely recognized upon the street,
And what the master says, the hands must chime,
As friendship with the banished is a crime;

While some look at her with insulting stare,
She seeks, poor girl ! employment everywhere,
And the same questions everywhere receives,
Where were you last ? and wherefore did you leave ?
Her small reserve is wasted day by day,
Employment agents cheat her for their pay,
Although she scarce believes a word they say :
As the dyspeptic knows that quacks will cheat,
Yet buys a peck of pills he cannot eat ;
So, Magdalen knows the employment agents will,
Yet pays her money, and is cheated still .
And day by day that weary column reads,
Which "Female help" "the Boston Herald" heads ;
Where those who want a partner or a wife ;—
A "fancy woman." or a drudge for life,
In this, or in the "personals" advertise,
Of that veracious sheet, that's "not all lies"—
Where private want to public view 's displayed,
And male, and female assignations made ;
And what one scarce durst whisper in the ear
Proclaimed, as from a housetop, all may hear .

As Magdalen reads the various lists of wants
Of "help" from those "in panniers and in pants"—
There 's one she notices, in which 'tis said,
"A Nova Scotia girl for chambermaid
Wanted at such a place, in such a street,
Must be a virtuous girl, and clean and neat,
A protestant, and one that will not lie,
But none without credentials need apply, "
This Magdalen reads, and thinks at length she'll try .

She 's none to recommend her, it is true,—
 But there are many things which she can do.
 Can she not make a bed, or dust a shelf?
 She thinks that she can recommend herself—
 She sees a tall policeman in his beat,
 And asks for that aristocratic street;
 Whose name resembles one, which brings to mind
 "The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind.—"
 She finds the number, $10 \times + 4$ —
 A timid little maiden opes the door,—
 Whose words are half a whisper, half a sigh;
 As conscious of some dreadful presence nigh.

When Magdalen told her story to the maid
 In tones of wondrous sweetness Effie said,
 "I'm sorry ma'am the Mistress has gone out
 But she'll return at five or thereabout
 You see yourself you'll not have long to wait,"
 And kindly pointed Magdalen to a seat;
 Who sees upon a massive table, spread
 A literary feast for heart, and head;
 Sees poet and historian side by side,
 And sage Philosopher, the wanderer's guide
 And book of sacred song, and books of prayer,
 And in the midst the Book of life is there,
 With scroll of precious promises unfurled,
 Whose leaves are for the healing of the world.—

While Magdalen sits, she takes a close survey
 Of the grand mansion, and its rich array—
 But see, she comes, 'the lady of that ilk'—
 Appears in all the pride of rustling silk,

Lays on the stand another gilded book,
On Magdalen casts a cold suspicious look ;
Which, when interpreted, just means " I can't,—"

Says, " You're on business ma'am ; what do you want ?

" I saw by advertisement," Magdalen says

" A chambermaid was wanted at this place."

The lady looked again as if afraid

Magdalen might be a chamberer — not a maid —

Then says with look that scarcely could be borne,

(A look of cruel concentrated scorn,)

" Who recommends you ?" Magdalen answers " none."

" You see the advertisement there ? — Begone !"

Magdalen without reply

Bows to the little girl, and passes by :

Pleased, though misfortune's tempests round her lower,
To think she 's not in this she-devil's power.

But see her now, her stock of money spent,
With nought to live on, or to pay her rent,
Misfortune's own adopted daughter roam

'Throug the great city with its myriad homes;
Where steeples towering o'er the dwellings rise
To point the homeless wanderer to the skies —
But days of hospitality are o'er

And few to the poor wand'rer ope the door,—
Folks drive them from their gates — and so they ne'er
Can entertain an angel unaware —

For fear that wanderer might be drab or scamp,
Or some destroying angel called — a tramp.

But Magdlen's none of those would duty shirk
 'Tis not charity she wants but work
 Heaven gave one talant, and its use demands
 The power to earn her bread with her own hands.
 O for some place that's not already girded,
 Or Hobbes's hole to crawl out of the world:
 For now she must her quiet room resign,
 And cheaper lodging in an attic find;
 But Oh the sacrifice! at what a cost
 To meditative minds is quiet lost?

In near proximity to where men quaff
 Their liquid merth, she hears th' explosive laugh
 Of foolish men made lunatics from choice
 And th' big bully's loud unmeaning voice

As one impatient of corroding grief
 Walks round, round his room to find relief;
 So Magdalene mingles with the hurrying crowd
 Some silent, walking on- some talking loud;
 But feels that sorrow's here, and knows 'tis there
 Yea ev'n in the gay crowd! 'tis every where.

She hear the female outcast's frantic mirth-
 The laugh that owes to broken heart its birth-
 She sees the man of money in the throng
 Conscious of his importance walk along
 Nor e'er reflects- he in his pocket bears
 Those legal racks that wring from women tears,
 And wring from hardened hands the toil years.

One ev'ning Magdalene weary, finds a seat
 On Boston common 'tis a quiet retreat
 Beneath a tree there's one seated near

And close at hand a gass light burning clear:
the pendent branches of the elms illumo,
While lonely - lonely- shines the silver moon
And Magdalen feels as lonely, with a sigh

She sees the well dressed lady's-man Pass by
With ballroom mien, and fashionable stride
He prattles to the lady by his side;

The air feels close—no leaf o'erhead is stirred—
A sickness of the heart by hope deferred
Creeps o'er her— or 'twas weariness perchance—
No matter — in a syncope, dream or trance

The light burns dim, the sky is overcast,
And bleaded seem the present with the past:
The Actors, and the scenes of other years
In lovely light, and dreadfull shade appear
Commencingling, and she seems to hear and, see
The rushing tempest, and the rolling sea
Midst clouds of foam along the rocky coast,
And some one seems to say — Your father 's lost,
Then comes a voice that seems to break the spell,
And kindly whispers—Lady you're not well,
Forgive me Lady if I am to blame!

I saw you falling from your seat and came;
But you are better now, as I opine:
But I had better fetch a glass wine.

So Erro went, in haste and soon returned,
And pleased to think his kindness was not spurned
He quietly took his seat at Magdalen's side
As one might do who 'ad something to confide
And said 't's far from this where you reside?

You are unwell and seem to be alone

May not your humble servant see you home?

And Magdaline thanked him: felt he was sincere

That affection was not needed here;

As in the light her new-found friend she sees,

She says I'll rest awhile—Then if you please.

Awhile they sit, and confidently talk

Then leaning on his arm they homeward walk

A strange magnetism we can't explain

Made both desire to meet as friends again.

From one kind act this friendship was begun,

Or else a common sorrow made them one:

For suffering like enjoyment men unite.

The soldier loves his comrades of the fight,

The sailor his companion of the wreck,

And need no pledge each other to protect.

Thus fare our wanderers on—Till magdaline said.

'Tis Here—Alas! 'twas the poor den in which she layed.

A place where persecuted tramps retreat,

Where those may lodge who can't afford to eat

A place the homeless wretch awhile may stay,

A place where hunted dears may stand at bay.

Where wretched outcasts draw malarious breath,

The half-way-house to prison, and to death.

As Erro looks around and by degrees

The wretched place and its surroundings sees,

Awhile like one in dreamy trance he stands,

Then clasping in his own both Magdaline's hands,

He awoke like one just waking from a spell—

Alas poor girl! And is it here you dwell?

'Tis here just now—she said with throbbing heart:

Isn't here, and now and, ever that we part?
I hope not, Erro said, although it may;
We are not even friends of yesterday.
But there is something when look at you
Which makes me very sad to say—Adieu
We'll meet and, talk again if you think right;
But you are weary, and not well tonight.

No longer time in needless talk was spent,
A time was fixed to meet, and, Erro went.

With Erro here we have not much to do;
But since 'tis said—Give even the Devil his due;
And speak as kindly of him as we can
He was a strange eccentric, worthless man,

As sauntering with long hair, and awkward gait;
A thing that decent folks despise, and hate;
yet hoodles of their scorn he hums a song,
And children mock him as he walks along.

Oft might you see him on a windy day
Stroll through the wood, and chant some poet's lay,
Or in a thoughtless dreamy reverie
Gaze on rising Sun, or rolling sea
Or walking by some brook the flags among
Fish out the drowning flies that float along,
Or standing like a fool a stricken hour
Looking with wonder at a spotted flower.

Irrasible, though kind to men and mice,
His love was both his virtue, and his vice:
Though oft admonished, would stay reprovèd—
But men, and dogs, and even bitches loved.

He spent his aimless life as tale or song
In oscillating 'twixt the right, and wrong.

'Twas now the time our friends agreed to meet,
You saw us by the old on the same street
Where first they met a month ago, or more,
And the same Moon is shining in the sky.

But some will say—'tis not discreet, or right,
For friends like these to meet themselves—at night,
Beneath the yellow moon's magnetic light,
And say, while there poor outcast, they abraid,—
The Devil's in the moon! as Byron said.

But these poor friends were not to virtue lost,
Their love was but Platonic at the most;
And if ye want to have a friendly walk,
And with some Mary, or some Magdaline talk,
The hour of solemn moon-light is the best:
For Luna always was reputed chaste,
And if ye chanced to think while walking there
Your friend, and you just make a human pair,
And think perchance ye read as in a book,
A something more than kindness in her look;

If ye be troubleed, and would find a cure,
For thoughts erotic, lawless, or impure
Think if ye can upon the Day of Doom
Or gaze ten minutes at the pale faced Moon.

But to our story. Salutation passed,
How fare you, Magdaline since I saw you last?

And Magdaline answered—Just from day to day
By doing meanest work for smallest pay,

I'm living in a circle—all in vain:

But some are worse and why should I complain?

The Power, Said Erro, That provides for all,
Without Whose notice not a sparrow falls,

Who feeds the little birds when trees are bare,

Directs the wandering wildgeese through air,

And teaches them to southern climes to fly

When tempests thicken in the northern sky:

Who hears the raven's hoarse impatient cry;

Will not forget such waifs as you and I

Let's trust Him then— and when we die we die.

I Don't know sir how it appears to you:

Said Magdaline.

But for myself when have nought to do

Or nothing, but what others choose to give.

It seems almost a wearieness to live.

This is Said Erro, doubtless life's worst curse;

At least I think so; for I know no worse

We trample down each other for employ;

And millions toil that thousands may enjoy

Who with the spoil kent back from toiling hands

Buy God's free gifts the water, and the land,

Till there's no place on which to act or stand:

Then hire some lawier to pervert a cause,

Or legislator to enact bad laws,

Or paper kite to pick out poor men's eyes

And circulate by thousands their cheap lies

Till wages fall, and stocks, and swindlers rise.

And trade, and commerce feel the withering spell,

And the whole country's one great gambling hell;

And Capital the, Monarch the land
His Golden Sceptre sways with iron hand.
Then Fortune's minions watch the auspicious hour,
And buy their way to Office and, to power,
And those they spurn, save on Election day
Run at their heels, and shout Hurra! Hurra!
Or march with flaring torches to the tune
Of Yankee Doodle, or the silver spoon:
Till each mean minion that would skin a louse
Gees to that pile of rubbish, called the House

Fellowaye would not trust with silver plate
Become the Props and pillars of the State,
And those who to be hated must be known
Of Mammon's temple form the corner stone
At length the topping structure swings arwy—
And HO! Get Out from under— is the cry.
When— crumbling buttress, pillar, post, and, wall
From very rotten-ness the fabric falls
And men at length percieve that all was wrong
And wonder How! the D——d thing stood so long.

But I forget I to a Lady speak—
Though, women now are often politic,
Why should they not? Said Maßdalin, why Endure?
The thrall of Laws we may not help to cure?

I've one objection. Erro said, that's all
I don't believe in human laws at all:
Nor yet in Lotteris either, But would say
If Lotteries be the order of the day,

Without respect to color sex or. size
 All have an equal right to draw a prize
 But suffrage viewed in reason's searching light
 Is this and nothing more—that might is right.

Rut Pope says whatsoever is, is best,
 If so then might is right as well 's the rest,
 And those of little, principle or none
 Who have not moral strength to stand alone
 For fear a persecution might betide
 Is almost always found on the strong Side;
 But let 's leave law and lawbooks on the shelves.
 And strive to be a law unto ourselves.
 Base legal formalism soar above,
 And each true knight protect his Lady-love.

But don't you think they are protected best
 Whose rights as with a rampart, law invests?
 Said Magdalene.

I do said Erro. If by law you mean
 what is, or ought to be law's synonym—
 Th' eternal principles that reign above
 The principles of Justice, Truth, and Love—
 That reign Supreme where human foot ne'er trode:
 Coeval with— Unchangeable as God.

Oh Justice! arbitress of truth and right,
 Thy laws are legible in their own light;
 Like axioms, obvious to the candid mind,
 And yet fools slander thee, and call thee blind—
 They call thee blind because themselves ne'er saw—
 Mistake thee for thy bastard sister Law
 With jury judge and hangmen in her train,

And pettifogging lawyer to explain.

But Justice! Thou pervade'st all Space all Time—
Less beautiful than Love; but more sublime—
Thou strike'st with fear the prosperous villian dumb,
And whispers in his ear of woes to come;
When Mercy's plea th' Oppressor cannot feel
Thou make'st to Heaven's high Court thy last appeal,
Till overcome with fear he will not own
The Scepter'd Ty:ant trembles on his throne.

I don't know: Magdalen said I quite agree,
Though law 's but a bleak bield for waifs like me,
Gathering the rich and prosperous in its fold
It leaves us wandering sheep out in the cold
A prey to human wolves, and when we roam
Afford us nothing but a prison home,
Exacts decorum of us, and expects
A virtue in us that it don't protect:
But though the law's awards may be uneven,
Is not the law an ordinance of Heaven?

Said Erro Law that neweth every day
Which seville mortals are compelled to obey,
Which legislators, make, and courts enforces
Are often changed alas! from bad to worse:
But Righteousness the law that's o'er all
Remains unchanged even though the heavens should fall

You speak of law's mistakes, and not its end:
We should not say apellish: But Cry: mend
Said Magpalen

let us if we may:

Said Erro—— On some high Election day,
I look at yon motly mob, where round the polls
Are gathered many bodies and some souls

Who think not, nor intelligently swear
But fizzing with the froth of lager-beer
A few profane, stale Oaths repeat by rote,
Then for some candidate hurrah! and vote
And to him who gets most votes by hook, or claw
They delegate the right to make the law.

Now ask two thirds of all that crowd you Vew
On what pretence they thus make laws for you?
They seem insulted!—Wonder why you "AA"
They are not women, and have paid their tax.

Now will You conscience, and Heaven's law resign?
And say the law this rabble makes be mine
Bow to the many-headed monster's nod,
And call that idiot yell the "Voice of God"?

In union, and in number there is might—
I grant; But doth it follow therefore; It is right?
A pack of wolves have a collective will:
Their one united purpose is to kill,
With martyr courage in some bloody cause
They "Howl let's have a piece"—With lupine jaws.

But it is rudeness thus to talk to you:
So Farewell—Politics and Laws Adieu—
Except those laws, all other laws above,
The law of Justice, and the law of Love.

Your words are bitter, Magdalen said, Yet kind
You often bring my Father to my mind;
make me your confident— Don't you conceal
Some grief a woman's sympathy might heal,
The confidence of love grief often cures:
I told my story to you—Tell me yours.

41

Dear Magdaline you would hear my story? — well
There is not much of it I care, to tell.

I've loved perchance - I have been loved again —
I've striven for competence, and streven in vain,
Till all the freshness of my life is lost
In time's drear gulf that cannot be reversed.
I've seen my hard earned savings melt away,
The toil of years become a villian's prey—
Seen lawyers bribed to give a case away
And thus betray their trust, and even more
Seen perjured witness stand, who swore and, swore
Till wrong appeared as right, and what was worst;
I swore myself: nor only swore: but cursed
The court—the pettyfogging crew I saw,
And all the d—d machinery of law.

Yet once the world had an enchanting view,
When I was young, and every thing seemed new.
The Earth seemed like a happy play-ground given
And very near, and all around was Heaven.
'Twas Joy to see the beauty of a flower
Or dreadfull glory of the tempest's lower
To watch the clouds sail past the sun at noon
Or spotted night-hawcks flit beneath the moon;
'Twas joy to sit the leafy trees among,
And read a page of Burns' or Thompson's song:

But when I ate of the forbidden tree
Of knowledge, and, could good and evil see
It brought me sorrow: but in recompence,
Perhaps it brought me pleasure more intense,
Thus between right, and left, and right and wrong
I run: and solace sorrow with a song,

From place to place an aimless wanderer stray
Where Mistress or miss Fortune leads the way.

Then like myself. Said Magdline. you scarce know
What next 'tis best to do, or where to go —

Quoth Erro is sad: but even so—
'Twas Byron said, if right I call to mind
A fellow feeling makes us wonderous kind.
And this though said in sarcasm, is true.

So you must pardon me if I love you—
And if Miss Fortune hedge us round with thorns,
Let's calmly wait th' event nor fret nor mourn—
Watch the developements of time, and chance
Till life will have the interest of romance;

No matter— fail or prosper as we may
Let's act as well's we can life's changeful play;
If the world hate us— love can make amends,
We both are outcasts, may we not be friends?

we are friends Magdaline said and, I would claim,
If I knew any a still dearer name

I thank you Erro said I've often proved
How very sweet it is to feel one's loved;
No marvel for I long have learned to prize
more than the day the light of loving eyes.

Folks now do little else but fret, and sigh,
And hope, and wish that better times were nigh:
Tis time that workers should possess the land;
With prunning hooks, and ploughshare in their hands
While some philanthropist should take command,
And build for homeless heads a sheltering bield
And lead a host of workers to the field,

ROASTING MANHOOD

Untill men shout the harvet home! and gain
A bloodless triumph o'er the wavy grain:
Till Chivalry of labor shall be prized,
And Carlyle's glorious dream be realised.

Then men shall see the truths agrarians teach,
And seek for homes beyond oppression's reach—
Then cottages, and cots around shall stand,
And all, Even we, might have a plot of land

So y^e would you choose with an around you nice,
To sell your service at some ingard a price.

With your own hands 'twere sweet to till the ground
With plants for food and beauty groing round;
While lovely flowers as Sol rose in the sky,
Might spread their dewy Petals out to dry
While apples rich, and ripe, and almost done;
Hang cooking in the glowing autumn Sun,
And vines your little cottage mantling o'er
would hang their purple clusters round your door:

Nor fear if wandering man aproach your camp;
He's no policeman but an honest tramp,
Who if he take the fruit a wanderer needs,
May leave a priceless blessing in it's stead
There children sport, and men, and women there,
Live pure, and happy: single or in pairs;
And Men from war, and other murders cease
nor own allegiance save t' th' PRINC OF PEACE.
Who hath those happy homes t'his people given,

And promised better, even than those, in Heav'n
Oh Erro— Magdaline said; If such a scheme
Could e'er be ought but a Utopian dream;
How many aching hearts and, idle hands
Would find in this apportionment of land
A town of refuge from the hand of power
where pride could not insult nor greed devour.

Though much I fear your scheme is all ideal,
And we live in a world intensely real;
For most would rather drudge, and starve and sink
Below the dignity of men, than think
Quoth Erro, Women move us as they will
They have the power, they only want the skill
To turn to virtue or to vice the mind;
For 'as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined'.

'Tis rare said Magdalene—Women will unite,
And individual influence is a mite;
We move by sympathetic love alone
Aggressive action must be all your own.

Quoth Erro—What exceeds the power of love;
'Tis by attraction every body moves.

Dear Erro! We're but wealth producing tools,
Of't but the dupes of naves, and toys of fools:

You court, and flatter us but after all
The influence of poor girls is only small.

We women float like bubbles down 'a stream,
We dance along, and very pretty seem

Absorbed in marriage some—body and soul
Become a Part, and, parcel of the whole,

And some float gaily on until they're broke
In foamy fragments on some slanting rock,
And some some more fortunate; though light as air
Float on and, on and on I know not where:

Though men may flatter us with many a lie,
'Tis for the wealthy lady most men sigh:

Few for Love's sake will casto or money loss,
Or the great gulf 'twixt rich and poor will cross.

Oh say not Magdalen that Love's power is small:
 For is it not love's power that moveth All?
 'Tis Love that gives us being, Love that guides,
 Love is the Power that over all presides;
 For woman's love how oft the author writes
 The scholar studies, and the soldier fights,
 For love the merchant home his treasure brings,
 and Oh how oft for love! the poet sings—
 Looks at his mistress as at some fair star
 Her eyes to him seem like Heaven's gate ajar.
 All seek the approving smile of woman's eyes
 For woman's love is still the highest prize.

Some mount the stump and spout while others gush,
 And some get sows'd, and into battle rush
 Resolved to murder, or be murdered there,

None but the brave, they say, deserve the fair
 The lady, s-man assumes a killing air—
 waxes his mustache, And perfumes his hair
 In his small way will please you, if he can—
 Be anything you please— Except a Man.
 But would improve, if you such tricks abhorred,
 And, minus drugs' his manhood be restored.
 'Tis woman makes the man, 'ts woman mars:
 She shrinks from violence' yet prompts to wars;
 kisses the lips that issue war's commands,
 And fondly clasps the warrior's blood-Stained hand—
 Forgets his trade is dealing Death and Pain.
 And welcomes him who hath his thousands slain.

The Soldier, Magdalen, said, is woman's guard.
 What wonder if her love be his reward—
 He is his coun'ry's stay, as Burns would say;

'Tis his to drive marauding foes away.
 The belching fire and pointed Steele to face
 And, die a martyr for the human race;
 Said Erro if indeed it e'er was so
 It must have been in days of long ago?
 When men for love, not pay, were wont to fight,
 And every lady had her guardian knight
 who bravely fought for right against the wrong.
 At least 'tis said so in romance and song — —
 But what have soldiers now to do with right?

As butchers kill for pay: the Soldier fights
 A hired brave pladged by oath to kill,
 And have no conscience but his Captain's will:

Or more automation to march or stand
 With the last argument of kings in his hand,
 Or bow in servile reverence at a nod
 In honor of some great gunpowder god.

Said Magdalen—Erro This is most unjust
 'Tis in the soldier that the defenceless trust.

I would not Erro said, blight the renown
 Or dim the luster of the Patriot's crown.

But if we try this cause at reason's Bar
 Aggressive must proceed defensive war,
 And if men fight, and some are slain, we see
 That some, or all of them must murderers be:
 For no obedience to a Captain's will
 Can cancel that dread law "Thou shalt not kill!"

when some atrocious deed of blood is done,
 Or by a band of ruffians, or by one,
 And men indignant, with suspeled breath
 Think of the awful act, and mutter Death!

THE BEASTING HEROD

The wretch accepting in a quiet way,
To do the hang-man's dreadful work for pay,
All excrete, as reptile Of the mud
And turn abhorrent from the man of blood.

Now why should there be such a difference made
Betwixt the soldier's, and the hangman's trade?
The hangman kills the wretch condemned for crime,
And only kills one victim at a time;
But soldiers indesormatly slay,
And have no Plea put this— we must obey;
Though conscience have been sold or, given away

When some ambitious general, or for spite
Or fame, or fashion, or for plunder fight,
Or Some refractory city cannot see
They owe allegiance to some Powers that be:
Nor do obeisance: to a blood stained flag,
But cast contempt upon the filthy rag.
It is the Soldier's duty then to fight,
Nor ask himself Is this war wrong, or right?

In yon beleaguered city look! and see—
The tender mercy's of those Powers that be—
The General Speaks—his vassals must obey,
And set his deathful engines in array;
And trenches dig; and hostile batteries form:
Then Ope on fated homes the human Storm:
As desolating as the fiery rain,
That fell upon the cities of the plain—
The brave may fight: but only fight; to die,
And woe to those who cannot fight or fly,

THE BEATING HEED

Hear O'er the battle's clang, and shout, and yell
The deafening crash of the exploding shell—

See— with her offspring, in yon shattered room,
The wounded mother finds a fiery tomb;
Where flames compleat the great commander's plan,
Devouring all, unmerciful as man.

Yet every where His Generalship men fete,
And give him wine to drink, and bread to eat;
And sycophantic bards in dulcet lays,
And ladies sing the glorious murderer's praise:
Till even little manikins aspire
To be the hero that all men admire,
And walk with measured Step, and think it fun
To strut with wooden sword, and mimic gun:
While the delighted mother cries—Look here!
Look—Look! at Georgie—See the little dear!!

I know Said Magdalene, much you say is true,
And horrible—but what can women do?

Said Erro it is scarce polito to mar
Our evening ramble with such thoughts; they Jar—
But all is fair, 'tis said, in love and war

Said Magdalene this is scarce a proper plea,
You are not at war, are you in love with me?

I may too soon, Dear Magdalene if we walk
Together; but this scarce is wooer's talk.
But Time hath not forgot his wonted flight:
For I percieve'tis nine O Clock at night.

Nine did you Say? Indeed is it so late?
I did not think that it was after eight:
But one becomes absorbed, and by degrees

THE LEASTING L. I. C. D.

I did not think that it was after eight:
But one becomes absorbed and by degrees
Forgets the flight of time in thoughts like these.
And in such moments perhaps I'm in the dark:
For strange, and startling, oft seemed your remarks.

But Erro—Even if you're in the right
I'll not be less 'gainst such odds to fight?
Better walk Peaceably a crooked road:
Than run full tilt against established mode.

Dear Magdalen—'tis not long since first we met:
Yet think you we could part without regret?

For long to meet as we've of it met before?
Even if we were but friends, and nothing more.

'Tis getting late, I hear the evening bell—
I'm loath to say that sweet—sad word farewell—

Now what Say "ye"? Shall we as friends remain?
Or Shall we part; and never meet again
Friendship like ours; I know the world ignores,
And Love, sans licenso, decent-folks abhor.
Though join'd by Heaven's own Law 'tis not the thing—
The union's incomplete; it wants the ring.

Quoth Magdalen We're but waifs on life's rough sea,
And men take little note of such as we,
What our relations are, or how we fare,
Or if we sink, or swim—they little care

As for myself who work from day, to day,
And much unkindness get, though little pay
'Tis like a cordial to the soul to see
There's one in all the world who cares for me.

I long some Sympathetic voice to hear,
And know there's some one loves me standing near.
But you Perhaps such fondness rise above:
For Nature, it is said 's the Poet's love.

Said Ere— Poets love the lonely woods:
They love to walk by Ocean's swelling flood,
That wild wet world where live and swim and creep
The strange unearthly Creatures of the deep
He loves upon the shelly shore to stand
On the disputed bounds 'twixt sea and land;
But wether justly claimed by land or tide:
It seems the laws of nature can't decide,
Thence to the far horizon east the eye
Where the gray waters mingle with the sky
That far moist marge where Sea and clouds embrace,
And look like lovers, in each-other's face—
With all the restless rolling waves between,
And each the inspiring grandeur of the scene:
Sweet are the songs of birds, the purl of rills:
But Sympathetic love is sweeter still.

But love, to me, and its enbearments seem
Like some delightful—half-forgotten dream:
Yet still 'tis pleasant here with you to stand,
And feel feel the mutual pressure of a hand.
No loved One can I ask to share my lot,
And welcome to a home which I have not:
For though I bravely strove such home to gain,
I find I only beat the air in vain.

We value life, though but a few short years,
To spend in simpering smiles, and foolish tears:

THE BEATING HEART

The gulf of nothingness with horror
And madly edging to that poor boon, to be;
But who when hope and Joy and love gone
Would wish to live, that he might hate alone?

Said Magdalen—Hate in such a world as this:
Where even malignity its aim may miss:
And even Sorrow sometimes ends in bliss,
Is foolish as those hours in pleasure spent
By gentlemen who fish, and fowl and hunt;
Hate moves with grief in solemn caraband,
Love, with her partner Joy, moves hand in hand

Then 'I'll be Love, Said Erro, you be Joy
Let 's bid th' afore-said pair awhile goodbye.
Forgive me Magdalen—poets are inclined
To personify abstractions of the mind.

You said you had arranged to leave today;
If that be so, I hope you will not stay;
For I have no friend left when you're away.

Said Magdalene.

'Tis true—Said Erro that I have agreed
To leave before the morning skies are red.

We part awhile—But it remaineth still:
To say if it shall be for Good or ill?

Perhaps 'tis needful, Magdalen said we should,
But let it neither be for ill nor good.

Then Let's arrange to meet ere we adjourn:

For if you leave your place ere I return:
As you and I are both unknown to fame,
Nor local habitation have, nor name:
The chance is small that we are met again.

THE BOASTING LIAR. 61

For if we part, and no arrangement made,
 'Twould be to seek a violet in the shade,
 Or Vandyke's leveret in the woods astray,
 Or dry leaf drifting on its random way,
 Or seek a needle in a stack of hay.

The poor Dequency found both wealth and fame;
 But never found his faithful Ann again.

'Twere Well (said Magdalene), then, that we agree
 When you return, to meet by the same tree
 Where first we met, at five, on such a night,
 And if prevented—through the office write.

But as the times are hard and getting worse,
 I'll share with you my not quite empty purse
 No—No I ear Error, you have none to spare,
 And I, chameleon like, can live on air.
 I'll lend you this then—Please make no excuse
 If you don't need it—why you need not use.

'Tis getting late—Said Error—'Tis the bell.
 I am loath to say that Sweet Sad word Farewell!
 And looked at Magdalen as at some sweet flower,
 With that fixed look which Scotchmen call a glower:
 Then clasped her waist, and kissed her said adieu,
 And vanished in the darkness from her view.

A moment Magdalene Watched her friend's retreat;
 Then home ward walks along the dusky street.

But now an officer the wanderer sees,
 And feels his pocketbook and thinks of fees;
 For he hath watched from an adjacent shade
 What passed, and heard an assignation made.

And having learned the place of Magdalene's stay
 Resolves to arrest her on her home-ward way,
 And such night-walkers deems his lawfull prey:
 So in an angle that two streets commands,
 Death in his pocket truncheon in his hand,
 A greasy mass of flesh, half man, half hog—
 A cross between a devil, and a dog:
 Inexorable, as the heathen Fate,
 And big with the authority of State.

Thus oft a traveler, when the Sun goes down
 In Bagdid's old hyena haunted town;
 Sees in some dreary, dreadfull, dark retreat,
 Or in the corner of some ruinous street,
 A thing— a form— of devil shape and size
 Known in the darkness by its flame like eyes
 That asks its human Prey with hideous howl,
 And follows after, it with grating growl.

While Magdalene walks along not fearing harm,
 He grasps the affrighted woman by the arm:
 In vain she struggles and in vain she pleads;
 He drags her on, nor either hears or heeds:
 Untill comitted to a prison cell,
 A brick and mortar miniature of hell;
 He leaves her stupefied with shame and fright,
 And in a cruel mockery, Says Good night.

Speed on O Time! on dove's or raven's wing,
 To all the living still their portion bring

THE BAOSTING HEROD

Bring to the prosperous pleasure power or gain;
And bring as surely to the wretched pain;
But be it Pain or pleasure, as it may:
Speed on Speed on— and bring another day.

That day hath come, and Magdalene now in Court
Perceives she's made their laughing-stock, and Sport.
The injustice feels: but; calm—resigned to Fate,

She hears th_e accusing Devil of the State;

In flippant, cruel tones the charge is made,
The witness duly sworn, the law is read,
and though some lawyers say I state amiss,
To ears unlearned it sounded much like this:

The Officer whose watch is in the night,
Whose duty 'tis to see that all is right:
That no enticing female after ten,
Shall walk the streets, or lanes enticing men,
And if while going in his wonted round,
A human female in his beat be found,
'Tshall be his duty to arrest, report,
and bring said human female to the court:

The court has heard the witness and the law,
And Gentlemen you must your inference draw.
and Gentlemen— Remember, ye are both:
Bound by your sence of duty and your oath.
So do your duty loyally, nor spare,
For any foolish pity those frail fair.
And Gentlemen I need not here repeat,

THE BOASTING HEROD

That those night-walking man-traps of the street,
Are worse than pilferer who steals your cash;
For those that steal my purse, steal nought but trash—
But lost alike to virtue and to shame,

Those wretches steal both money, and goodname.

'Th' seccuser ended, and His Honor said—

The prisoner hears the charge that hath been made,
The court is ready now for the defence.

I have none—Magdalen said "save innocence.

When one arose and said: "If Your Honor please
I'll plead this prisoner's cause nor ask for fees

"Tis for the court and prisoner to say,

If there be no objections—why you may.

The prisoner and the court are both agreed,

He enters the arena and proceeds,

This is a case Your Honor: well may claim

A little thought it is a burning shame,

Although I scarce may say it in this Place,

This law should stand our Statute-Book's disgrace.

A law which makes th' Occasion, and the time.

Transmute even making love into a crime:

And all the court agrees with me I trust

That Ev'ry Law that's Cruel is unjust,

And men may walk whatever time they choose

And no officious officer accuse,

And wealthy ladies, favoured more by fate,

What time and place they please may seek a mate,

And advertise in any way they can,

That they are ready now to take a man!

By hanging out as signals of distress,
 In all the gay absurdity of dress,
 That which their wants, and wishes may express
 So plainly that a Yankee need not guess.
 And in their bowers, or boudoirs as they list
 Unquestioned they may kiss, or may be kissed.

And of all liberty will ye deprive
 The toiling drudge of the domestic hive?
 Who, if a lover call, is oft dismissed;
 who works to live, and lives by love unblest
 But work and work and never feel she's free,
 A toiling neuter for some Mistress Bee—

Now what hath maid or mistress done or been,
 That that should be a queen, and this a queen;
 Just laws award the same to great and small,
 And sacred hold the liberty of all:
 Nor the rich favour nor the poor oppress;
 But guard life, liberty, and happiness.

The prosecuting lawyer here objects,
 And with a lawyer's scorn the plea dissects.

Perhaps my friend who has taken leave of sense
 And pleads sans pay—expects some recompence,
 Which his fair friend may give him sometime hence.

He seems to think such ladies should be free
 To go what time they please with such as he:

But this tirade on law is all in vain,
 'Tis foolish as 'tis useless to complain;
 'Tis vain with arguments the court to ply;
 For 'tis the prisoner, not the court we try.

The question is not one of law; but fact;
And so you see it leaves the charge intact.

This woman worshipping uxorious man
Would break the law to spare a courtesan:
But Gentlemen, if the evidence be clear,
The law decides what shall be verdict here.

Here the defending pleader made a pause,
A moment pondering over cruel laws:
Until his eye with burning thoughts grew bright,
And seemed to flash with a cat's-eye light:
Then said 'The Prosecutor Says we may not try
This cause—But Gentlemen it is for you and me,
And every man to stand in the defence,
Law: or not law; of injured innocents
And on the side of liberty be found.
Whenever law o'ersteps its lawfull bounds.

Your told this woman do'nt deserve your ruth,
And I'm a woman worshiper—Forsooth
Yea! I have worshiped women all my life,
A woman was my mother, one my wife:
And the poor prisoner that before you stands,
Or sit or rise as the court commands,
Whom Priviledged men insult, and none reprove,
In face and figure looks like one I love:
And he who won't a woman's cause defend,
Should never have a woman for a friend,
Who won't share with her sympathy or curse,
Deserves to have a woman lover's curse—
May he with blustering bullies brandy quaff,
Nor ever here a woman's mellow laugh

May never smile of love nor kiss of Wife
 Sooth him, and add a charm to weary life
 And when his temples ache with pain or grief
 May woman's sympathy ue'er bring relief
 Nor gentle woman's love to him be given,
 Till pleased with Earth he scarcely longs for Heaven.

I'll not impeach this witness 'tis for you,

To winnow what is false from what is true
 for though he may the prisoner's guilt attest,
 she says she's innocent and should know best.
 And while you one by one his statements weigh;
 Remember that he lives by teaching prey,
 and though perhaps, you think he's not to blame:
 Men do n't feed dogs that will not catch the game.

And let us think, as others we arraign,
 That as we judge, we shall be judged again.
 But there's precedent that I would cite
 That sets this matter in its proper light.

There was a Teacher once upon a time,
 Who thought that from the heart proceeds the crime
 That lustful thoughts are crimes as well as acts
 Even ere they have assumed the form of facts.

But certain Doctors thought they better knew:
 And said—"stand off I'm holier than you"
 Who thought to bring his teaching to disprove,
 And brought to be adjudged a certain case:
 A woman charged much like the prisoner here;
 It seems the evidence was very clear,

It do'nt appear that she denied the fact,
 As she was caught even in the very act.
 when those accusers have the woman brought,
 And from this rival Teacher judgment sought.

Intent alone to illustrate their faith

They lightly talk of stoning her to death.

He fixes on the ground his steadfast eye

Nor deigns the cruel hypocrites reply

Till urged—He saith—let him who hath no sin,

And wants to stone the woman, first begin.

This was a judgment they could not gainsay,

As all were self-condemned: they slunk away.

Now Who of all the court assembled here

Can lift his hand to Heaven, and Say I'm clear?

For Who hath never at some time and place

Bowed in unholy worship to a face?

Or when he saw some fair enchantress stand;

Or walking in her beauty: kissed his hand,

Or if he saw a group of damsels pass

Longed to have one of them and signed— a lass

Now this precedent, as the court, must see,

Is based on the ancient law of equity;

Which hath not been repealed until this day

And will not when these heavens shall pass away

That— Those who, judging other, do the same;

By their own judgment must themselves condemn

Now gentlemen the case is left with you,

And if you can't but find the charge is true,

while Justice holds the nicely pallanced scale.

Still Mercy over Justice should prevail.

Look at the friendless prisoner! till you feel

You would not crush the fallen; but rather heal.

Think of the dreary days in prison spent.

In charge of wretches pensioned to torment,

And when you think of days of long ago,
 How much to gentle woman' love ye owe,
 And think of friends and home—remember them
 A woman's at the bar! and ye are men,

But here the prosecution interposed,
 And claimed a hearing ere the case was closed.
 For he began to notice that the tide
 Of sympathy set in on Magdalen's side
 And though perchance, he had not much at stake
 He strove to win the case, for winning's sake;
 Like cos-player intent to win the game,
 Though nothing be at stake except the name
 So he adroitly drops his former plea,

He would not be severe—oh no not he,
 But he would urge each juror: urge the twelve
 To save those wretched women from themselves
 Till trained by discipline to self-restraint
 They might find time in prison to repent,
 And freed from tempting wiles of pimp and rake
 Might usefull servants, and domestics make.

Thus plausibly he spake; but to be brief,
 He dallied with a friendless woman's grief
 While evidence he pieced on with sumise,
 And mixed the simple truth with many lies

As wassel in a fence of brush, and logs
 Persued by men and boys, and barking dogs,
 Evades the clumsy brute, which give him chase
 And foil his foes by simply changing place.

So with a subtle, artfull logic he
 Evades the force of his opponent's plea—

The case is closed—the jury have retired
 To find a verdict dreaded, or desired
 By the the poor prisoner, and—O cruel Fate
 Return to find a verdict for the state,
 Which just means this, would you the meaning have?
 The State now claims her for a while its slave:
 But will not this with Righteous law collide?
 No matter—Power is on the other side.

She speechless stands, nor utters word or sigh:
 Though blinding tears are gathering in her eye.
 Now watch, and see the Black Maria go
 With wretches freighted for the house of woe;
 Like Wordsworth's group of goblins, lean and lank,
 Sharp-kneed sharp-elbowed long, and ghastly shanked.
 And there our Magdalene sits among the rest,
 To be the theme of ribald scribbler's jest:
 Even rough men see with pity, not with scorn,
 The fate of one so lovely, so forlorn

But there are men Alas! who ne'er relent,
 Tempt like the Devil first, and then torment
 Care not who are the victims of their sneer,
 Nor care whose advertisement brought them here:
 who mock at misery, and laugh at vice
 And sell their hangman jests at cheapest price,
 Or with affected pity, sad and grave
 Whine o'er the fate of some poor "nymph du pave;
 Not as a man in pity or in love,
 But as a Sports'man pats a wounded dove.

THE BOASTING HEROD 61

Ye Pimps! while playing your nefarious part:
Ye blight the charecter, and breack the heart—
Ye See yon girl—She erst a aervant wan.
Sne 's now a cyprian of the dangerous class—

They flutter rounnd awhile, and then they pass
To th' Potter's Field
For OH! a broken heart alas ala;
Is never heald.

various part:
the heart—
was.
class—
en they pass

Love is the ever-gleaming star

That leads the way.

That shines not on vague worlds of bliss.

But on a paradise in this.

we do not pray, or weep or wail;

we have no dread,

No fear to pass beyond the veil;

That hides the dead.

And yet we question, dream, and guess;

But knowledge we do not possess

we ask, yet nothing seem to know;

we cry in vain.

There is no master of the show

who will explain.

Or from the future tear the mask

And yet we dream, and still we ask.

Is there beyond the silent night

An endless day?

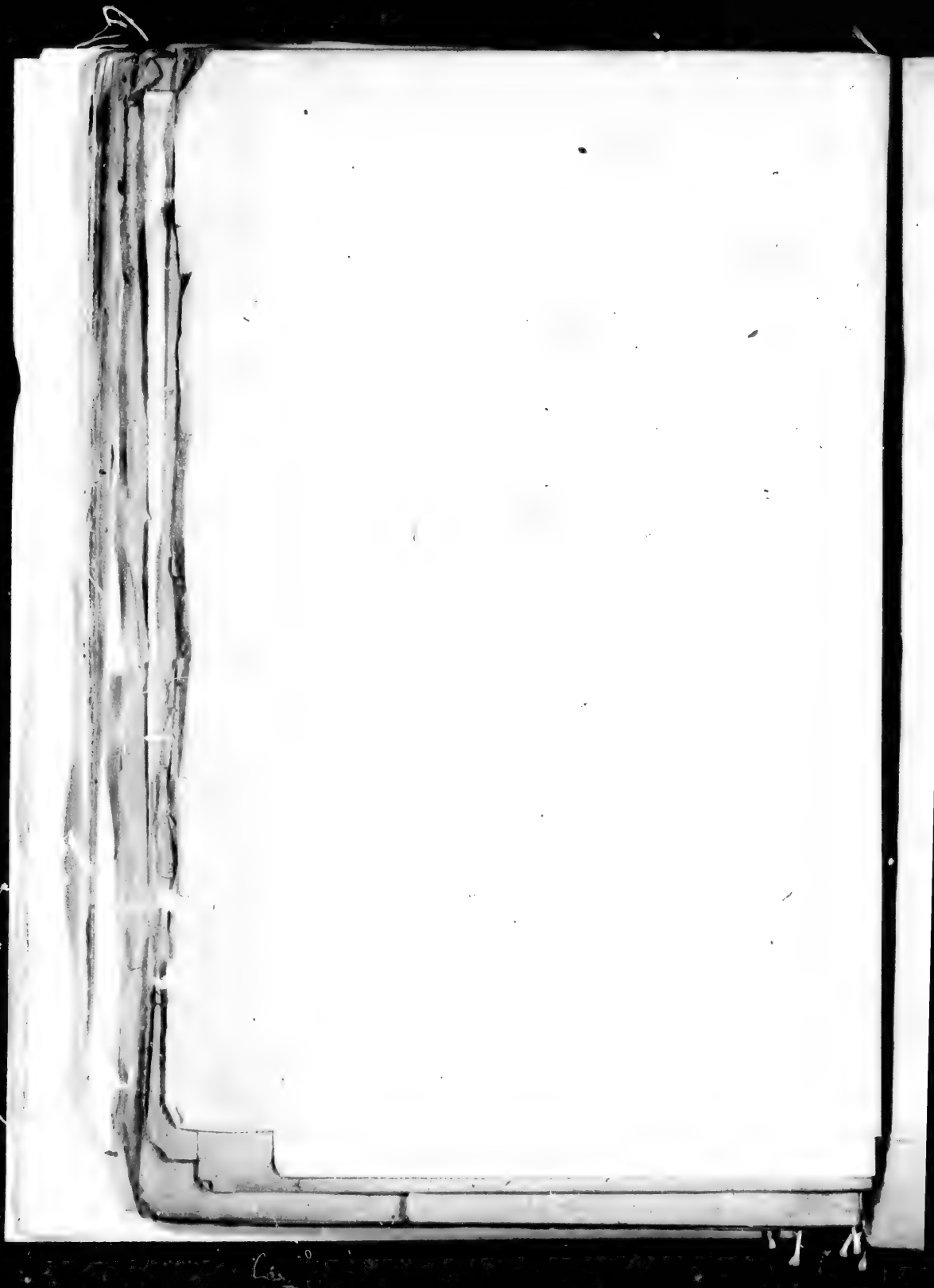
Is death a door that lead to light?

we cannot say

The tongueless secret locked in fate

we do not know—we hope and wait.

by Augustus





We walk according to our light —
Pursue the path
That leads to honor's stainless height
Careless of wrath ;

Or curse of God, or priestly spite
Longing to know, and do the right.

We love our fellow man, our kind
Wife, child, and friend ;

To phantoms we are deaf, and blind ;
But we extend the helping hand to the distressed.
By lifting others we are blessed ;

Love's Sacred flame within the heart
And friendship's glow ;
And friendship's glow ;

Their wealth bestow
Upon the thrilled, and joyous brain.

And present raptures banish pain
We love no phantom of the skies,
But living flesh,
with Emerson's soft and soulfull eyes,
Lips warm and fresh

And cheeks with health's red flag unfurled.

The breathing angels of this world
The hands that help are better far
Than lips that pray.

A MEMORIAL POEM

Thus with pure hands, and heart as pure.
A man whom none could blame
To many children of the poor
He gave their christian names.

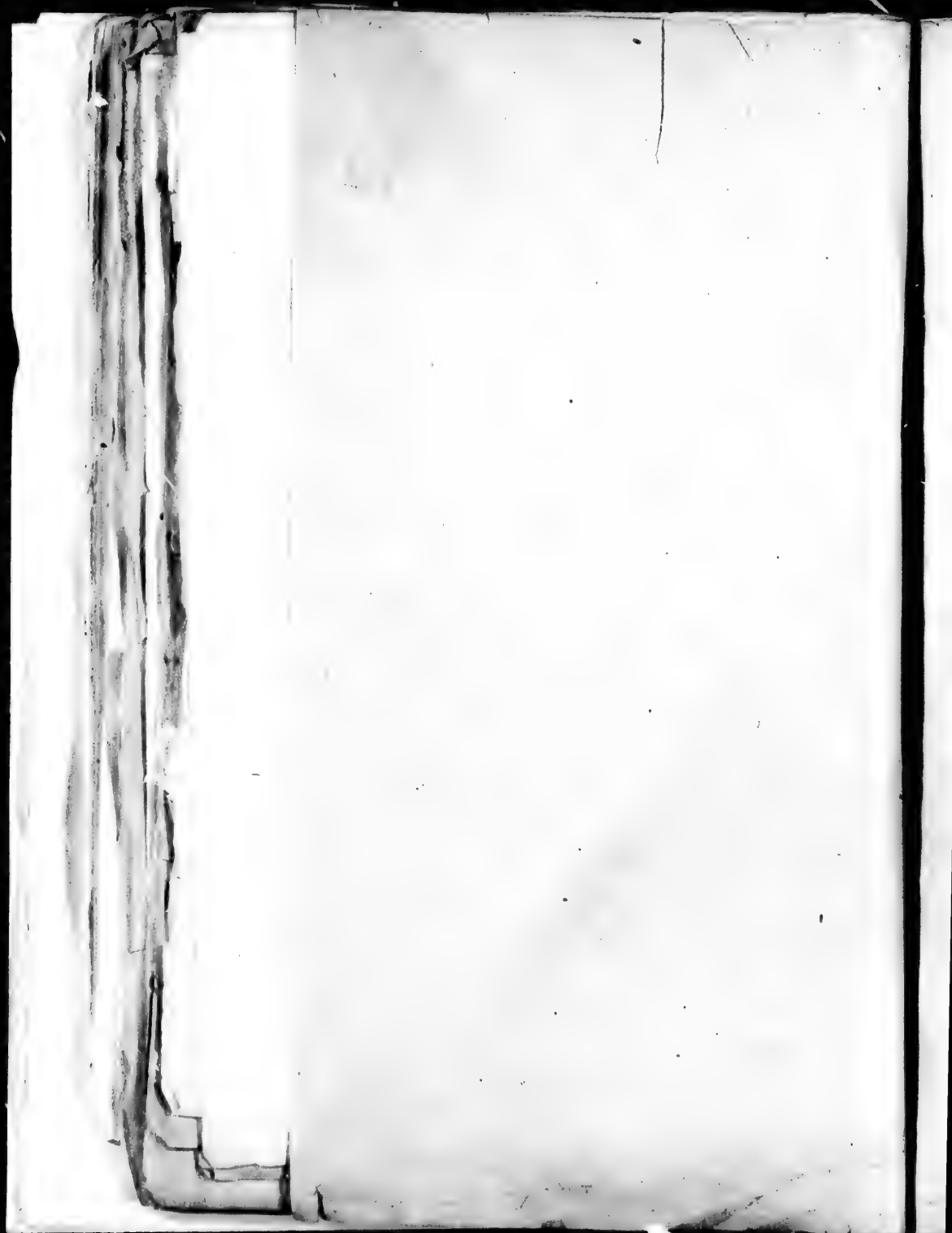
And many loving hands he joind
In wedlock's holy tie.
The sick in body and in mind
He pointed to the sky.

He saw the Dear ones, whom he loved
Removed from him by Death,
And: though as in a furnace proved
Without a murmuring breath.

He wrought with all his mind and , strength,
No labor did he shirk
Till in declining life at length
He fainted in his work

Then go Dear friend! to thy reward
We long have known thy worth;
Even though to us it may seem hard
Who have few friends on Earth

ARCHIE SCOTT,





A MEMORIAL POEM (N. REV. A. DOWLAND)

In early life resolved to walk
The straight, and narrow road
He learned from Chalmer's own lips
To expound the word of God.

He saw the fields with harvest white
With sympathetic eyes
And left the Collage Hall he loved;
Though not without a prize.

Persuading all within his reach
To seek sin's sovereign cure
He went from place to place to preach
The gospel to the poor.

He preached with power word of God;
In many a poor retreat
And struggled through unbroken roads
With weary willing feet.

If any, with new notions fraught,
Would of his doctrines know:
He'd say I Teach the doctrines taught
In days of long ago

AN ADDRESS TO WORKING MEN, AND WOMEN.

In the day of prosperity be joyful, in the day of adversity consider. Eccl. vii. 14.

Friends, and fellow workers!

Let me ask your patient attention to a few remarks on a subject which is engaging the attention of thoughtful men everywhere just now; viz the relations of capital, and labour, and some of the results of such relations; as strikes, riots, &c. It seems to me that the evils of these relations, as at present existing cannot be much longer ignored by any "Forms who are flesh and can feel" whether they belong to the class referred to by Burns, who

"Look o'er proud property extended wide,
And eye the simple rustic hind;
Whose toil upholds the glittering show."—
Or, are "Creatures of another kind,
Of coarser substance unrefined,
Placed for their lordly use, thus far, thus vile below."

And in discussing this matter, let us glance briefly, at the recent labour riots in Pittsburg and other cities of the States; and I need not dwell on the loss of life, or destruction of property; for this has been published already about as far as is known. But call attention to some of the following considerations.— Who are most to blame? Is there no remedy? What are the utterances of the press? What remedies do some popular Journals propose? &c and let us look in the first place at some of the statements, and opinions of the press.

The St John Telegraph of July 24 at the beginning of a leader has these words "One of the evils of societies in Europe, which we have watched from a distance was Communism which is essentially a product of despotic countries &c" and the Editor goes on to denounce Communism as: "An evil plant that has taken root in America &c." Now though it may be a root of bitterness sometimes; as this Editor says, it is not the root of ALL evil.

And has this Ex-clergyman forgotten, that there is such a passage in the Bible as may be found in Acts iv: 32,—when he thus denounces Communism.

But let us observe, that he admits, (as it were inadvertently,) that, it is a product of despotic countries.— If this be true, (and I believe it will be generally conceded,) it is tantamount to admitting, that the despotism existing in American institutions was the producing cause of these tumults; when the multitudes refused to starve any longer peaceably, and, rising like the waves in a tempest, they disregarded the constituted authorities, (those guardians of the interests of Capital,) who said to them Hitherto shall ye come; but no further, when they took the only means they knew of to make their strike at all effective. So that you see that the Editor of the Telegraph in his heart of hearts, (if he has any such Sanctum sanctorum about him,) is of opinion that it was oppression which Solomon says maketh wise men mad, that did the whole “ devilment.”

This consideration will qualify the acerbity of the Editor's remarks, when he inveighs against the “ferocity and rage that could induce a body of civilized men to destroy \$ 5,000,000 worth of property” &c!

This destruction of property, however is no doubt to be deplored, as was the destruction of houses and crops by General Sherman in his celebrated southern campaign but in his case necessity is the apology offered. And if necessity can justify such a course, the strikers must stand acquitted. But a far sadder result than the destruction of property; was the destruction of life; and let us see who were the most blameable parties in these wholesale murders.

that there is such
in Acts iv: 32,—
(as it were inad-
otic countries.—
e generally conced-
the despotism ex-
e producing cause
refused to starve
he waves in a tem-
authorities, (those
who said to them
when they took the
strike at all effect-
of the Telegraph
such Sanctum san-
it was oppression
mad, that did the
rbity of the Ed.
the "ferocity and
d men to destroy
ever is no doubt
houses and crops
outhern campaign
ffered. And if
rikers must stand
the destruction
nd let us see who
holosale murders.

quote again from the St John Telegraph, July 24, that
quotes from the New York Herald, giving the statement
of a soldier, a member of company 9th of first regiment
of Philadelphia; who said to-day, (July 23,) "I served
in the war of rebellion, &c, I came to Pittsburg, I must
confess, bent on having a little fighting, if there was any
going," &c! He describes the crowd on the hillside as
consisting of men, women and children, mostly specta-
tors who were pent up, &c." The crowd was slow in clear-
ing a space, and the soldiers began to force them back;
this occasioned some scuffling, several of the men taking
hold of the muskets, saying, "You would not shoot work-
ing men, would you? while those on the outskirts continu-
ed to hoot and yell." It was into this promiscuous crowd
of men, women and children that these so called soldiers,
one of whom confesses that he "came hoping to have a lit-
tle fighting if there was any going," fired and he says
exultingly "we did fire."—

Now let us look at the Boston Herald, July 23, and
we find by a list of those who were killed by the gallant
soldiers' lead, that they were not "roughs" and "loafers"
but had all some legitimate employment; except such as
these, John Long, a boy Buchanan, a boy 12 years old,
a child one year old in its mother's arms," &c: In the
Boston Herald, July 23, we read, "Pittsburg, July 22,
the crisis was reached yesterday, at six o'clock when the
troops, sent to suppress the strikers, fired upon the
crowd: the terribly fatal effects of the shots exasperated

AN ADDRESS TO WORKING MEN, AND WOMEN .

the citizens as well as the strikers, and in less than an hour thousands of working-men from the Rolling-mills, coal mines, and other manufactories, hurried to the scene of conflict, determined to have revenge on the troops and railway officials. It was stated that General Pearson had directed the troops to fire before any resistance was made, and the fact that many of the killed and wounded had gathered on the hillside, merely as spectators, served to increase the bitterness of the crowd."

These are some of the statements to be found in the Boston Herald, ere this origin of capital in New England, had time to gloss over the more hideous features of the picture; surprised, as it were, into telling the truth.

Now let us look for a moment at some of the moral judgments on these strikes and riots, and some of the remedies proposed by this Machiavelian sheet. It says "Abroad the military is a distinct body from the nation; they are often the willing tools of the oppressor, &c," "here the case is altogether different our citizen soldiers are not hostile hirelings; they are not nor ever can be a blade in the hand of a despot." —

Does this man of words without meaning forget that he has just been telling us that these very soldiers who came "hoping to have a little fighting if there was any going," fired into the crowd of men, women and children "before there was any resistance," and of the consequent ex-

AN ADDRESS TO WORKING MEN, AND WOMEN.

WOMEN.

in less than an
the Rolling-mills,
ried to the scene
n the troops and
General Pearson
y resistance was
lled and wound-
ly as spectators,
crowd."

found in the Bos-
n New England,
s features of the
g the truth.

ome of the moral
nd some of the
sheet. It says
from the nation;
oppressor, &c,"
r citizen soldiers
nor ever can be a

es this man of
has just been
ame "hoping to
ny going," fired
children "before
consequent ex-

asperation of the citizens as well as the strikers, and that thousands of citizens as well as strikers came to the conflict to be revenged on the troops for their (murdered, shall I call it?) friends? Yet the Herald says of these soldiers, that "they died that the nation might live:" and of the citizens that "they died as the fool dieth." But hear again this eulogist of American despotism! "There is no way," he says "to deal with a mob; but overpower it at once by the most resolute application of physical force. It is true that in such applications the innocent suffer sometimes with the guilty: but all experience has shown that there is far less suffering in the long run!"—

Had this doctrine been carried out a hundred years ago, "When transatlantic liberty arose not in the sunshine, and the smiles of heaven: But wrapped in whirlwinds, and begirt with foes," when the mob stood in open defiance of the constituted authorities, and cast the tea chests of the British merchants into the harbour of Boston; where would the glorious Republic be to-day?

The Moral of this is, Illegitimate children, should not be too hard on natural ones.

But now let us glance for a moment at some of the evils arising from the dependence of labor on capital, and inquire if there be no remedy for the state of abject servitude

AN ADDRESS TO WORKING MEN, AND WOMEN .

to which the wages system, prevalent at present, has reduced a large part of the productive class of society ; reversing completely that law of justice, referred to by St. Paul, when he says, he who does not work shall not eat . For now, it seems, that, those who work must starve ; while those who work not at all, fare sumptuously every day, walk about in broadcloth and fine linen, or else ride fast horses .

And now one word to you, ye men of the hardened hands, and ragged coats!— When election draws nigh, smooth office seekers will shake hands with you, and, in a conciliatory way, tell you that there is no quarrel between capital and labour.

Believe them not!— But if you have any doubt about the matter, make some of them a friendly visit about three weeks after election, and you will be convinced that there is a gulf between you and them, that you may not cross .

Now the labour problem that we have to solve is about this— Suppose an isolated community where there are eleven men dependent on a certain factory for employment, and a living ; While only ten are needed . What will be the effect of the odd man in reducing the wages of the ten ? supposing no higher principles to be in operation, than Adam Smith's golden rule, that "supply and demand, fix the price of everything." And let us suppose at the beginning, that they are all equally efficient, and all, save the odd man, working at \$ 3 per day . As the odd man, by the hypothesis, has

at present, has
 ss of society ;
 referred to by
 work shall not
 ho work must
 fare sumptuous-
 and fine linen.

word to you, ye
 coats! —
 o seekers will
 story way, tell
 al and labour.
 any doubt about
 ly visit about
 convinced that
 that you may

we have to sol-
 ated community
 a certain fac-
 ile only ten are
 odd man in
 ing no higher
 Smith's gold-
 price of every-
 nning, that they
 odd man, work-
 hypothesis, has

no other means of living, we cannot suppose him to adopt any other course than to obtain employment by offering to work for reduced wages — say \$ 2.50 per day . When one of the other men working at \$ 3 would be discharged to make room for the cheaper man : and the last discharged, being in the same circumstances as was the first, would have to adopt the same course, or starve ; and so of all the rest of the workers ; and so it must go round and round, the wages being reduced, and reduced, till the reductio ad absurdum has been reached, and the ten men are working at starvation's price, and the odd man is starving or living on charity. Now multiply this one employment by many thousands, and these eleven men by several millions and you have the problem of capital and labour in the great world around us . And I ask every one of you who may be in a similar position to one of the eleven men supposed — What would ye counsel ? and What would ye do ? The only solution possible, it seems to me is about this — the difficulty to be disposed of being evidently the odd man . The eleven might cast lots which of their number should be disposed of — we won't say killed and eaten, as starved boats' crews sometimes do ; for such a proposition would have a kind of cannibal ring about it that might sound rather unpleasant to those who are not used to this sort of animal food ; But the real question is, Would not the chances for longevity of any one of the eleven be greater in standing such a lot, than the other alternative of having his life shortened by the slow agonies of partial starvation and the sickness of deferred hope ? I think it would .

But I think that this difficult problem admits of another and a better solution though I scarcely have space to indicate it here.— I will however in the shortest way make a few suggestions,— and in the first place, Think for yourselves,— don't listen to any one who says as children sometimes do, "Open your mouth and shut your eyes and I tell you something to make you wise." Secondly, "In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," therefore consult with your fellow-labourers whose interest is identical with your own : but receive with suspicion the advice of all those who live on your labours, and whose interest it is to keep you in perpetual servitude; for it is manifest that some must work, and all who do not work themselves, must manage by some trick in the game of life to live on the labours of others, for, if there were no poor, there could be no rich — Thirdly — In union and in number there is strength.— Therefore Combine ! Combine!! Combine!!! Get if possible sufficient funds, and possession of sufficient land or pieces of land here, there, everywhere, on which to employ your "odd man" at fair pay to raise food for you that you may not compete with one another in the manufactories, glutting the markets with superfluous goods and rendering the works of your own hands worthless. — Let no national boundaries, no imaginary lines, divide you. Ye are all brethren and sisters in calamity and "Brethren in calamity should love." But if ye are indolent to assert your rights let me appeal to the chivalry of every man's nature where flunkysim has not crushed out manhood — every man is by nature the protector of one woman, therefore for the sake of your wards, if not for your own, Be men! Awake! Awake!! But I hear a murmuring at "these new doctrines,"

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard;
I hear him complain,
You have waked me too soon,
I must slumber again."

D WOMEN .

admits of another
space to indicate
t way make a few
k for yourselves,—
ren sometimes do,
I tell you some-
the multitude of
consult with your
l with your own :
all those who live
o keep you in per-
ne must work, and
age by some trick
s of others, for, if
— Thirdly — In
herefore Combine !
ficient funds, and
land here, there,
man” at fair pay
pete with one an-
rkets with super-
your own hands
es, no imaginary
and sisters in ca-
love.” But if ye
ppeal to the chiv-
n has not crushed
e protector of one
ds, if not for your
ut I hear a mur-

e of the sluggard ;
complain,
aked me too soon,
ber again.”

A. SCOTT.